LESTER B. PEARSON ON LIFE & LOVE

The CIA's secret stake in Greece/A new look at the Dieppe disaster

MACLEAN'S

JULY 1967 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 25¢

Behind the Coyne-Stevens row/Zoe Caldwell: Pickle packer to sex queen

ROMANCE BY COMPUTER

(see page 22)

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CANADA'S FASTEST GROWING KING-SIZE

MACLEAN'S
REPORTS

JULY, 1967 VOLUME 80 NUMBER 7

An Eaton's catalogue of promised dream towers

EATON'S whose merchandising empire was built on "Satisfaction Guaranteed" has just managed to add another chapter to its real-estate dealings — where the motto seems to be "Dissatisfaction Practically a Certainty." Last year the chain announced plans that would convert the 22 acres it controls in downtown Toronto from a muddle of soot-encrusted warehouses clothing stores and shoe shops into an array of plazas stores arcades with the malls greenery and fountains that decorate all such schemes.

The $260-million plan included the destruction of Toronto's old City Hall (used as a court building since the opening of the new hall less than two years ago) and, with that, a fair amount of hell broke loose. To hear some people tell it, the wreck/don't wreck the old City-Hall fight split families, canceled weddings and made sworn enemies of lifelong friends.

Then in May this year Eaton's suddenly announced it wasn't going ahead with the plan. The words left a platoon of disconcerted politicians in their wake. No one wanted to be blamed for what happened and, if Eaton's wanted to it could probably now get the old city hall on its own terms — or just about anything else it chose.

But Eaton's has made it coldly clear that it won't go ahead — now or seemingly ever. The reasons given were economic — though it's also implied that haggling city politicians had something to do with it. Toronto city fathers should take heart — they may just have been caught up in a puzzling Eaton's story that has played itself out across Canada since the 1920s. The details:

- In 1928 the company announced it was going to build a complex at the corner of Yonge and College Streets about 1½ miles north of its main Toronto store. It described plans for a 36-story office tower with a seven-story store and covering five million square feet of floor space. Eaton's College Street today is some 600 000 square feet seven stories at its highest. The cloud-capped tower remained only a paper dream.
- Soon after the war Eaton's announced that it was pulling down the old Hotel Vancouver at Vancouver's main intersection at Georgia and Granville Streets, to make room for a "$20-million tower" a plan that quickly floundered when MacMillan Bloedel, the huge paper company that was to be the building's prime tenant withdrew and went into a building of its own. Eaton's still insisted that the project, smaller in scope, would go ahead. Today the site consists of a parking lot, a hotel and old buildings.
- Several years later Eaton's became interested in Hamilton Ont, and two nearby towns, Oakville and Burlington. In the 1950s it bought a 100-acre site on what is now the centre of Oakville, a thriving auto-building town 20 miles west of Toronto. Townfolk remember that a small plaza with a department store and shops was supposed to go up. Recently Eaton's sold the property for more than $500 000 to Oakville and the town hall now occupies the site.
- In 1964 Eaton's was supposed to be part of a seven million dollar regional shopping centre in Burlington, a suburb of Hamilton. Despite bitter opposition from other developers with two hearings in front of the Ontario Municipal Board and one in the Ontario Supreme Court, plans went ahead. Construction was scheduled to start this summer or early fall. Then last April Eaton's suddenly withdrew from the centre saying only that there had been "a change in priorities."
- In 1955 Eaton's arranged to buy Hamilton's old City Hall and some adjacent stores for a total of $800 000. Plans called for a two stage expansion to add needed room to Eaton's old store on James Street North. The first stage was completed within the two years agreed but the second stage was never started and the land on which the hall stood is now a parkette with a few benches. It now seems clear that the planned addition will not be built.
- And nobody's heard much lately about Eaton's $100 million masterplan for Montreal. It called for the widening of McGill College Avenue to make it a tree-lined mall from Place Ville Marie to the gates of McGill.

No one has been able to explain satisfactorily the sudden stops and starts in Eaton's planning. In closing down the Toronto proposal it has thrown away two million dollars it spent on plans and has disbanded a first-class team of architects contractors and engineers. (Plans were so far advanced that a dozen people had been running costs on the project for more than a year.)

Eaton's, of course, won't enlarge. As one of the world's largest family-controlled companies—whose owners are notoriously shy of publicity — it has never felt compelled to explain its actions to the public. One interpretation of the Toronto pull-out is that a New York firm of consultants told Eaton's last May that the project would yield only a 7 97 percent return on investment and that the company wasn't interested in proceeding for anything less than an 8 5 percent return.

Another view is that Eaton's with its century-old retailing tradition, simply can't bring itself to branch out into the risky and unfamiliar field of property development. As Eaton's vice-president David Kinnear told Toronto civic politicians who wanted to reopen the negotiations: "We are no longer interested in being a developer." Now town planners are wondering if for a company which holds the key to downtown redevelopment in several large Canadian cities this lack of interest is good enough.

SHEILA H KIERAN

The cloud-capped vision of downtown Toronto that has vanished into thin air. It's just one of several Eaton's projects that never materialized

PANDA ASSOC.

A quiet day in the life of a long, long war

The U S is fighting two wars in Vietnam — and sees no easy way to win either

The United States seems to have been forced by circumstances to wage a war of attrition in Vietnam — a concept of strategy that was supposed to have vanished with World War I. How and when does the U.S. propose to win such a war? To find out, Canadian military expert John Gellner went to Washington and interviewed informed politicians and top officials in the Pentagon and State Department. Here is his report

VIETNAM IS A big war, one of the biggest in history in terms of the men and materials involved. By May 10 the day I was in the Pentagon some 1,150 000 "free-world forces" were opposed to about 286 000 of the enemy. The U.S. had nearly 500,000 men in the field, the South Vietnamese numbered 606 000 and there were 54 000 other allies — most of them South Korean. The enemy had 100 000 men in 10 conventionally organized divisions. The rest were in Viet Cong guerrilla groups.

For the Americans, Vietnam has so far not been particularly sanguinary — mainly because the U.S. is taking advantage of its crushing material superiority. By May 10 U.S. battle dead numbered 9 407 and losses were running at about 450 a month. In Korea the Americans lost 53 686 men or about 1,500 a month. By comparison the Canadian army had 11 336 men killed (about 1,000 a month) between Normandy and VE day.

May 10 was a rather quiet day in the war. U.S. and allied ground forces were engaged in 18 operations and the South Vietnamese in 59. There was only one serious action. In a clash between U.S. Marines and North Vietnamese regulars in the Danang area, 24 Marines and 31 North Vietnamese were killed. Some 300 aircraft flew 116 missions and a navy A-4 Skyhawk became the 536th plane lost over North Vietnam (or the 1 872nd by Hanoi's count). Along the coast and on the innumerable waterways 4 268 vessels were checked and 89 of them detained. An ordinary day.

The trouble is there could be another 1,000 or 2 000 or 3 000 such days without the military situation changing much. Every conceivable American plan for a decisive end to the stalemate runs up against political taboos.

The Americans have found that they are really fighting two wars in South Vietnam (see map) and winning neither. One war is in the sparsely populated northern part of the country. By and large it's a conventional battle but is being fought under cir-

cumstances particularly unfavorable to the allied forces. Strategically they are on a permanent defensive. The enemy attacks when and where he wants across the Demarcation Line or along the 200-mile western flank fed by the Ho Chi Minh Trail. When the going gets rough the enemy battalions can easily retire to the sanctuaries of North Vietnam, Laos or Cambodia. There they can only be touched by air attack and these have had little effect against an enemy well dispersed in dense jungle.

The regular North Vietnamese forces don't operate below Dalat where the bulk of the South Vietnamese population lives. This is where the second war—a clandestine hit-and-run guerrilla operation—is being fought out in the labyrinthine terrain and along the 3,800 miles of rivers and canals.

The allied aim here is to break up the Viet Cong "infrastructure," the elaborate underground complexes the guerillas have constructed in 20 years of burrowing, and to gain control of the countryside. The Viet Cong complexes are being wiped out pretty methodically but the allies are making only slow progress in their pacification operations. Final military success depends on victory in the conventional war to the north. As long as the enemy is active there the guerillas can be re-supplied and their morale remains high.

The obvious military solution for the northern war is a landing behind the Demarcation Line. A landing only 60 miles north of the line would catch at least four enemy divisions between the arms of a nutcracker and would block the entrances to the Ho Chi Minh Trail. But an invasion of North Vietnam is ruled out as politically impossible by American planners.

A second solution would be a barrier of cleared ground, electrified wire and fortifications along the Demarcation Line itself. But it would have to stretch across Laos to the Thai border to be effective, and such open violation of the neutrality of Laos is also considered impossible.

So the strategic initiative has to be left to the enemy. The Americans are clearly staking their hopes on the aerial bombardment of North Vietnam. Eventually, they reason, it will hurt so much that Hanoi will back out to save itself further hammering. If that happens 1,000,000 men could be turned loose on the guerillas in the south. Demoralized and cut off from their supplies, they could be rooted out man by man.

Everything depends then on the stamina of the Hanoi government and the ability of the North Vietnamese people to stand up to the daily rain of bombs. If Hanoi caves in, the American policy of attrition will likely win out. If Hanoi stands, the war could go on forever. Obviously it can't be won inside South Vietnam as long as an extraneous enemy remains intact and fighting. JOHN GELLNER

Martin Luther King in the White House?

There's a good possibility King will head a third party in the '68 election

WASHINGTON

WHEN A MAN says he does not choose to run for President of the United States it usually means he's thinking about it. So when Martin Luther King denied rumors he would head a Third Party Peace Ticket in 1968 few believed him. And with good reason. For the fact is that the formation of a Third, or "spoiler" party is very much on the minds of peace activists, including dissident Democrats, as a rebuke to the Johnson administration for its conduct of the Vietnam war. And the fact is also that King, a long-time opponent of Vietnam policy, is seriously considering leading such a party to glorious defeat in the next presidential elections.

King came publicly to the peace movement on April 4 when, from the altar of New York's Riverside Church, he blasted the Vietnam war as immoral and illegal and urged draft-age youths to avoid serving in the armed forces by registering as conscientious objectors.

Respectable civil rights groups, still hopeful that the struggle for equality could be won in Washington, were quick to respond. So was Barry Goldwater. Both argued that King, a Nobel Peace Prize winner, had done "irreparable harm" to the civil rights movement — the first time Goldwater and the NAACP had seen eye to eye on any subject.

But King had become convinced that Negroes could no longer depend upon the largesse of white legislators, who were showing little inclination to plump for civil rights anyway. Why continue to barter one's silence, as King himself had done, when there was nothing left to barter for?

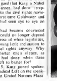
On April 15 King joined spokesmen for the Radical Left on the speaker's platform at United Nations Plaza and reiterated his antiwar stand before more than 100,000 respectful but silent peace demonstrators. The scene, however, changed to one of total ecstasy as King finished his address and stumbled into the waiting embrace of Stokely Carmichael, the implacable advocate of Black Power. The fate of the prophet of nonviolence was sealed with a bear hug from the leader of the Young Turks. Martin Luther King had finally indicated he was not out of touch with the times.

But opposing the Vietnam war is one thing; translating antiwar sentiment into political action quite another. Peace Party proponents are aware that King cannot be expected to put his head on the block without some assurance, in the form of an estimated several million votes, that it won't actually be chopped off. Minority parties, however, have not had a happy history in America. Henry Wallace never recovered from the shellacking his Progressive Party received in 1948 when, in the privacy of the polling booths, thousands of his supporters panicked at the prospect of a Republican President and pulled the lever for Truman. Who can say what American liberals would do this time if faced with a Ronald Reagan or, on the other edge of the Republican spectrum, a Nelson Rockefeller as an alternative to both Johnson and King?

Furthermore Negro unity, essential to the success of a Peace Party, is at present noticeably lacking. Civil rights moderates exert considerable influence in the all-important urban ghettos. Youthful Harlem militants who weeks ago wouldn't have let King past 125th Street now speak of casting their first vote for him, but their parents condemn King's lack of patriotism and go out and buy United States Savings Bonds.

Whether it is possible, or even desirable, to create a Peace Party is something the next few months will tell. Meanwhile the intent definitely remains. With George Wallace of Alabama making his own power play and promising to siphon off conservative votes from the Democrats, King's name at the top of a peace ticket could mean the end of Democratic rule in Washington. King waits in the wings, but the drama is not over yet. And peace leaders hope both Lyndon Johnson and the Republicans know it. ELEANOR FISCHER

Now a peacenik, King may head another kind of march on Washington



Backstage at Ottawa

Why Sudbury really shook the Liberals

The NDP's by-election gain could mean another general election early next year

DEFEAT IN A BY-ELECTION may seem an odd reason for a needlessly early general election, but that is what some influential Liberals are urging. They contend that the only way to pull the party out of a rapidly descending spiral is to go to the people early in 1968. The chain of reasoning that leads to this conclusion is long and tenuous, but it is persuasive.

Few deny that the Liberal government is in trouble. True, the Conservative opposition is in even deeper trouble, but that is no longer an adequate consolation. Conservative weakness does not necessarily mean Liberal strength, a fact dramatically re-demonstrated in May's by-elections.

In Sudbury, Ont., a riding that had never gone anything but Liberal since its creation in 1947, the Conservatives took less than half as many votes as they'd got in 1965 with an even weaker candidate. The winner was a New Democrat. So was the sensational runner-up in Outremont-St. Jean, the luxury suburb of Montreal that also has never elected anyone but a Liberal. There the Conservatives had no candidate at all in the by-election of May 29, and the NDP got about 45 percent of the votes cast. Evidently the defectors from Conservative ranks in both ridings went not to the other "party of the Right," as doctrinaires expected, but to the welfare-minded socialists.

The government this year faces a budgetary deficit of $740 million, the second highest ever incurred in peacetime. (The highest was $790 million in 1962.) Obviously, therefore, it can't resort to a tax cut to appease the indignant voters. Nor, for the same reason, can it fall back on a grandiose spending program.

Anyway there is a strong doubt that lush blanket-spending programs would do the Liberals any good. The discontents that found expression in the by-elections, especially in Sudbury, do not seem to be the kind that money alone would cure. They call for direct concern with local problems by candidates with local appeal.

Sudbury is a mining and smelting town, "the nickel capital of the world," where employment and wages are high. Money is not scarce. The scarce things are serviced land and decent housing. Families with better-than-average incomes are huddled into hideous slums because there is nothing else to be had. No government agency, federal or provincial, has taken any visible steps to improve the situation.

Three days before the by-election a young Liberal worker drove me through a down-at-heel district of Sudbury. He pointed out one tar-paper shack in which, he said, at least 10 families were living. "There are 30 voters at that address, so I suppose there must be about 50 people altogether." NDP signs were posted on almost every house. As we drove past in a car bedecked with "Jerome-Liberal" stickers, the children booed and hooted at us from the sidewalk.

"You might not realize it," my guide said quietly, "but this district has always voted 60 to 70 percent Liberal. Until now, I mean."

The Liberal candidate in Sudbury, James Jerome, is a vigorous, attractive young lawyer who waged an energetic campaign. For one of the new suburban ridings in the metropolitan areas of Canada he would be just the right sort. For Sudbury apparently he wasn't.

Sudbury is a labor town. Until recently the labor vote was split by a rancorous feud between the Mine Mill and Smelter Workers, a Communist-dominated union, and the NDP-oriented United Steelworkers. A few months ago the feud ended in a merger, and although a hard core of Mine Mill diehards would still vote for Satan rather than the NDP, most union members are reconciled and united.

Bud Germa, the NDP candidate (and, unless defeated in a recount, the new MP) is one of their own. Bred and born in the riding (whereas Jim Jerome has lived there only nine years), Germa has been working for International Nickel since he was 15. He is an armature winder, a skilled tradesman. A lifelong union member, he has never held union office and has no personal feuds or rivalries to live down. Already a grandfather at 46, he is a lean, rugged, unobtrusively handsome man who talks well but not too smoothly.

Sudbury is one third French and two thirds Roman Catholic, two reasons why it has always been counted a safe Liberal seat — and, no doubt, why Bud Germa won in May by only 121 votes. Apparently, though, such reasons are becoming obsolete. I asked eight people about Bud Germa's ethnic origin before I found out, from his daughter, that it is French. The name was originally St. Germain, roughly anglicized by Germa's grandfather. His mother was pure Finn, and Protestant. Germa speaks only English, is a member of the United Church, but has served as chairman of a local Roman Catholic credit union. So much for race and religion in the politics of Sudbury today.

The former MP, whose death brought on the by-election, was a highly respected pharmacist named Rodger Mitchell. He was 68 when he died, had been in failing health for several years and was unable to do much of anything for his riding. His organization, such as it was, also suffered from old age and general debility. According to the younger Liberal MPs, their party has too large a proportion of such veterans, some of them in excellent physical health.

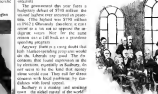
This is where the need for a general election comes in. Before fresh young faces can appear on the Liberals' front benches, some tired old faces must disappear into quieter pastures. Many of the party's elders are willing, even eager, to retire. But because of redistribution, and the imminent disappearance of many a safe seat, they can't get out now without ruining the future plans of younger men.

In Quebec, for example, young Maurice Sauvé sits for the tiny Magdalen Islands, a seat which will be wiped out. He would have liked to become MP for Outremont-St. Jean, which is where he lives when not in Ottawa. But the party could not risk two by-elections to fill the seat Senator Maurice Lamontagne vacated, and Sauvé had to let Outremont go to a rank newcomer.

This problem crops up in almost every province and notably in British Columbia, where the two Cabinet ministers are John R. Nicholson, 65, and Arthur Laing, 62. Neither is expected to run again — but if either left his seat vacant now, he would throw the BC party into intolerable turmoil. Only a general election on the new electoral boundaries could solve the difficulty smoothly.

There are also, of course, plenty of reasons against an early election, including the bitter experience of 1965. But a rising number of young Liberals think that whatever the risk, it will have to be taken. BLAIR FRASER

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"Posterity may well wonder why I've gathered you together here today . . ."

Will Germany end Canada's seal hunts?

The real sealing battle is being fought out in Bonn and it may prove decisive

THE PROPAGANDA war over the annual slaughter of 50,000 seal pups in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence has been raging in Canada for more than a year now (*Maclean's*, March 5, 1966). Abolitionists attack with pamphlets, petitions and gruesome films of the spring massacre. The Department of Fisheries and sealing supporters retaliate with more pamphlets and charges that the films are faked. And the hunts go on.

Meanwhile the real battle that could settle the whole issue is being fought not in Canada but in West Germany — the country that imports 78.4 percent of all Harp seal skins. The St. Lawrence hunt would lose much of its economic *raison d'être* if the German Bundestag (parliament) ever decides to ban the importation of seal skins.

The West German SPCA groups which have already organized an anti-sealing petition with three million signatures are out to persuade the Bundestag to do just that. Opposing them is a powerful and tightly knit lobby of West German fur dealers based in Frankfurt. For a time the furriers' association had silenced most anti-sealing protests within Germany by obtaining court injunctions.

The collapse of this strategy began last spring when *Tierschutz*, Munich's largest animal humane society, published a pamphlet calling for intensification of the seal-skin boycott. The furriers immediately won an injunction, arguing that "no reliable witnesses about the seal hunt existed."

Tierschutz decided to produce such a witness and called on Peter Lust, the Montreal journalist whose protest stories about the seal hunt written for West German newspapers originally sparked the controversy. Soon after Lust landed he appeared on Frankfurt TV. An injunction was promptly issued against him.

"I avoided this by leaving the TV studio through a side entrance," reports Lust. "I then flew to Munich and gave my sworn deposition about the hunt to a Munich notary. Before the injunction could be served on me in Munich, I had left for Cologne. And by the time the furriers' minions had located me there I had reached the comparative safety of West Berlin."

Partly because of Lust's deposition a Munich court threw out the furriers' injunction on April 7. With that decision, the protest movement moved back into high gear. Pamphlets are being churned out regularly, the hunt films have been shown to horrified audiences all over Germany and Brian Davies of the New Brunswick SPCA has rallied abolitionists with a blitzkrieg of press conferences.

What effect will all this have on the Bundestag? One private member's bill to ban seal skins has already been tossed out by the legislature, but only, say the abolitionists, because the evidence presented to the members consisted entirely of official Canadian government literature and pro-hunt propaganda.

A new bill is now being prepared and this time the SPCA groups are making sure the Bundestag gets all the facts. The furriers' lobby will undoubtedly do its best to kill the bill again. But the abolitionists are confident that eventually Bonn will put an effective end to the St. Lawrence slaughter while Ottawa is still defending it.

A lapel button for your thoughts

BEFORE MCLUHAN the hippie set's interest in buttons was confined to exposed navels and anti-nuclear protests. Then last year the communications revolution hit Bohemia and message buttons began popping up on lapels like commercials on CTV's Saturday-night movie. MAKE LOVE NOT WAR the first ones said. LOVE IS GOD and SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POET.

The messages didn't stay that mild for long. Pretty soon a rash of buttons appeared saying things like LOVE IS A MANY-GENDERED THING, TAKE LSD AND SEE and WHERE IS OSWALD NOW THAT WE REALLY NEED HIM?

In fact only a few button wearers are ardent social commentators of the old CND school. Most are merely would-be satirists anxious to communicate some second-hand wit. In Britain for instance, the protests tend

Authorized as second-class mail Post Office Department, Ottawa

to be more of a giggle than aggressive RELEASE OSCAR WILDE, WILSON FOR EX-PREMIER and STOP OXFAM AND FEED TWIGGY The modern American messages like to be mysterious CHARLES EDWARD WHITE III RULES THE WORLD PEANUT BUTTER IS BETTER THAN POT and RONALD REAGAN *EATS* PEANUT BUTTER

Canadian tastes seem to be somewhat less subtle "My good sellers are FINK and AVAILABLE and LET'S KEEP IT CLEAN" says Peter Jackman owner of a Toronto boutique that does a big button business "The customers are mainly university students and secretaries They also like the buttons that mention LSD"

Jackman gives the buttons only another year (The fad for the Union Jack on *everything* is already taking over he says) For one thing the messages are becoming longer than the average button can support (I AM A HUMAN BEING DO NOT FOLD SPINDLE OR MUTILATE) Another sure sign that the fad is passing is the recent appearance of the ultimate button It's about the size of a quarter and across its bright yellow face is a one-word message UNBUTTON

---

toujours gai archy your day has come

Man's constant inhumanity to cockroaches makes Stan Gibson's students mourn

SCIENTISTS PREDICT that after The Bomb, when the radioactive dust has settled on a charred and silent planet there will probably still be a slight rustling among the ashes Exploratory antennae will appear, followed by a cautious mandible Finally after a discreet interval the ultimate survivor will venture forth to resume the 250-million year history of its species The despised cockroach will have inherited the Earth

The almost universal human reaction to a scuttling cockroach is a shudder of disgust Man an evolutionary *arriviste* with a mere million years behind him, seems to have a built in genetic code commanding him to kill cockroaches on sight However, biology students at Okotoks High School in southern Alberta think it's time to adopt a more tolerant attitude Taking their cue from modern research they've launched a "Be Kind To Cockroaches" campaign as a Centennial project

The students and their supervising teacher Stan Gibson, believe man's traditional antipathy to roaches may be as much jealousy as revulsion Considered with scientific detachment cockroaches have a lot of things going for them—both as research organisms and in themselves. "They are much more like human beings than such overglamorized insects as ants, termites and bees " says Gibson. His case for cockroaches

- They are recognizably roaches from birth bypassing the destructive larval stage that makes other insects obnoxious Moreover young roaches behave with the same sort of uncertainty and recklessness as human children Researchers have discovered that immature roaches secrete a special juvenile hormone that is also found in human tissue The hormone may help to solve some of the problems of juvenile delinquency
- They are relatively long-lived (three years) and thus make extended research possible Roaches have done much to further man's understanding of nutrition digestion metabolism, animal behavior cancer and even sex (Virgin female roaches exude one of the most powerful sex lures in nature Called pheromone it sends male roaches into a frenzied priapic jig)
- They have an astonishing capacity to learn Their brains grow bigger and they become smarter as they mature Most insects are incapable of adjusting to change. Cockroaches can adapt quickly and effectively to a variety of environments
- They endure Cockroaches can survive incredibly harsh treatment (including atomic attacks and decapitation) and are superbly equipped with defense mechanisms. One appendage, hypersensitive to atmospheric pressure allows them to detect a silently on-rushing predator in the dark

As part of their pro-cockroach campaign Gibson's students have built up an extensive roach ranch They are currently culling their herd of several thousand to make cockroach kits for other school labs The jam-jar kits cost $5 (with or without five roaches) and contain suggested experiments, management tips diagrams and reprints of cockroach studies

The kit also includes a stirring protest poem by the most famous cockroach of all, the literate and lovable archy created by Don Marquis Thanks to Gibson's efforts, archy's dream of a new deal for cockroaches may finally come true As mehitabel was always saying "toujours gai archy toujours gai."

DOUGLAS MARSHALL

EDITORIAL

What Aqaba means to us and us to Aqaba

IN THE LARGER tragedy of war between Arabs and Israelis there was a special unhappiness for Canadians. It seemed a sad coincidence that our 100th birthday should be marked by abrupt and peremptory dismissal from a role for which we thought ourselves peculiarly qualified, the role of mediator and peace-keeper in the Middle East

We had thought of it as a badge of our maturity We were modestly proud that Canada had played some part, in several cases a major part, in every peace keeping operation ever launched by the United Nations We were proud that Canada, unlike some other veterans in the peace-keeping business, always paid the expenses of her own troops and did not incur suspicion of offering them as mercenaries for hire Above all we were proud that Canada should be accepted as a disinterested objective arbiter of other people's disputes

But in truth, these pretensions to objectivity are an illusion that deceives nobody but ourselves It is not Canada's nature to be objective. We have normally been a side-taking people Not only in two world wars but in other disputes where right and wrong were much less clearly apparent, Canada has insisted on a partisan and even a belligerent role — witness as the most extreme examples, Canadian participation in the South African war and, a generation earlier, Quebec's recruitment of "Papal Zouaves" for the defence of Vatican City These were not the postures of a cool impartial arbiter

What gave us the appearance of neutrality at Suez, when our peace-keeping role in the Middle East began was the unhappy fact that our best friends and nearest relatives were in the wrong The Canadian government of that day had no wish to condemn the conduct of Britain and France (though some Canadians blamed them for this) and still less to approve it (for which other Canadians blamed them just as harshly) Instead Canada's effort was directed to finding, or contriving some honorable and dignified retreat for the British and the French from their untenable position The effort succeeded, and our peace-keeping force was part of the successful contrivance.

But if we were neutral then we are far from neutral now Canada's declaration in favor of free access to the Gulf of Aqaba however legally sound, was not impartial It was acceptance and endorsement of Israel's position in the issue most central to the whole dispute Having taken this attitude Canada could hardly expect to persuade the Arabs of our neutrality

This is a dilemma that will recur, and we should not be upset by it Canada has an honorable record in peace-keeping, but an equally honorable record of performance as a reliable ally The latter does us as much credit as the former We have no cause to be ashamed of being partisan on many issues, including this one — but let us recognize that we cannot be partisan and objective at the same time

As this is written, it appears the world has been given another chance to restore order in the Middle East Conceivably there could even be another UNEF If so, the great powers and the United Nations should recall Lester Pearson's warning 11 years ago that a peace keeping force is a temporary expedient, to be employed while the causes of conflict are dealt with

But while we buy time in the Middle East, the ugliest of all wars goes on in Vietnam where Canada's position grows increasingly ambiguous There we stubbornly maintain a posture of impartiality which in view of our actual involvement in the war, is uncomfortably close to hypocrisy We are after all on record as approving the aims of American intervention and we are prospering from the American war effort.

If this is what Canadians want let's openly declare ourselves as allies If not for the sake of our self-respect let's dissociate ourselves from complicity and become active partisans on the side of peace The Middle East underlines what Vietnam has already proved a dubious neutrality is no longer helping anyone

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MACLEAN'S

Canada's National Magazine July 1967 Volume 80 Number 7

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MACLEAN'S is published monthly by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. Montreal Office 2055 Peel Street. Vancouver Office 1030 West Georgia Street. Great Britain Maclean-Hunter Limited 30 Old Burlington Street, London W1. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES In Canada 1 year $2, 2 years $3.50 [illegible] Single copies 25c. [illegible] Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Contents copyright 1967 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. [illegible]

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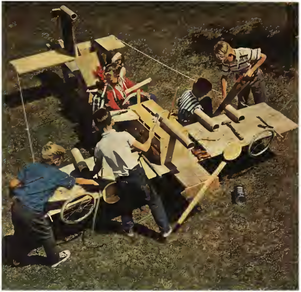

The Aviators

Childhood imagination is a wonderful thing. Some pieces of scrap lumber and a few soap boxes are all they need to construct a big jet airliner.

And when imagination carries over into adulthood, it leads to progress. Imaginative minds, at International Nickel, developed a nickel-containing cast alloy that permits gas turbines, on real airliners, to operate at extremely high engine temperatures, thus improving operating efficiency.

Imaginative minds at International Nickel are also continuing to search for better ways to find, mine, smelt and refine Canadian mineral resources, thus helping to develop this country's economy. We are proud of the role nickel plays. For more than sixty of Canada's one hundred years, International Nickel has been a vital factor in its development. It will continue to be a progressive, imaginative partner in the years to come.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
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Do you have art talent worth developing? Take our free test and see

If you have ever wondered whether you had art talent, here is your opportunity to find out.

The founders of Famous Artists School have put together what many artists and educators consider to be the most revealing test of art ability ever devised. It is offered to you free of charge.

Designed for people uncertain of their ability

The people who take this Art Talent Test are of all ages and occupations. Most have little or no previous art training. By professional standards their drawings may be awkward and amateurish. But those with the precious gift of art talent reveal this talent in many ways. Through simple exercises they show the inborn sense of design, feeling for composition, ability to observe and lively imagination which are such important ingredients of art talent.

The reliability of this method of screening as well as the effectiveness of the training has been proven again and again by the impressive record of success of our students and graduates.

They passed the test and went on to become successful artists

When James R[illegible] took the Art Test he was a clerk [illegible] job. Today he's an illustrator at Hughes Aircraft and [illegible] a stream of well paid free-lance art work in his spare time. Kathleen C[illegible] went from a salesgirl in a department store to a fashion illustrator in the same store. Virginia Bretter, a farmer's wife and mother of three, now sells just about everything she paints. These are just a few of the literally hundreds of success stories our students report to us.

So if you love to sketch or dabble in paints—and have ever wondered if you "have what it takes" to become a commercial artist or spare time painter—why not seize this opportunity to find out? All you need is a pencil and a half hour of your time.

What the Talent Test covers

For instance, you will be asked to look at two pairs of simple designs made up of squares, circles, lines, triangles and other shapes. In each pair one design has a feeling of "rightness" about it that the other lacks. Can you pick the right one?

Then you will see twenty pairs of pictures which are almost identical. But in each pair one of the pictures is an exact reproduction of the original painting, while the other has a subtle difference. Without being told which is the original, you will be asked to check which composition in each pair you find more pleasing.

To test your ability to observe, you will be asked to study an uncompleted sketch and then take your pencil and finish an incomplete version of the same picture. To uncover how imaginative you are, you will sketch an amusing or surprising addition to an interesting situation. In similar ways your innate feeling for mood, form, facial expressions, textures, characterizations and so on will be tested.

Your test is graded free

When you complete the test and mail it back, it will then be graded by a member of the School's staff. If you pass (and we must warn you that many don't) or can offer sufficient evidence of art talent, you will then be eligible to enroll. You may choose whichever of our courses is best suited to your goals.

These courses were especially designed for talented people who can't leave their families or jobs for resident art training away from home. The 12 famous artists who started the School over 18 years ago contributed all their lifetime secrets of craftsmanship and art technique into what they believe to be the finest art lessons ever created. They made thousands of special drawings to illustrate each point. Then they devised a uniquely effective method of constructive criticism that is as personal as tutoring. Your instructor, who is himself required to be a practicing professional artist, spends hours on just one of your assignments. He actually draws or paints his suggestions for improvement, and then dictates a long letter of specific advice and encouragement.

You will receive an interesting brochure about our School and its revolutionary methods along with your free Art Talent Test. If you have ever dreamed of success in art and wondered if it were possible for you to achieve it, why not mail the post card for both the Talent Test and the brochure right now? (If card is missing, write to Famous Artists School, Dept. 5393, Westport, Conn. 06880 U.S.A. Give your name, address, age and ask for Art Talent Test.)

Seated (l. to r.): Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff. Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

Photo: Philippe Halsman

"We want to test your writing aptitude"

If you have ever wanted to write, here is an opportunity to find out if you have talent worth developing. Take this revealing Aptitude Test created by 12 famous authors

If you want to write, we would like to test your writing aptitude. We'll help you find out if you can be trained to become a successful writer.

We know that many men and women who could become writers—and *should* become writers—never do. Some are uncertain of their talent and have no reliable way of finding out if it's worth developing. Others, who are surer of their ability, simply can't get top-notch professional training without leaving their homes or giving up their jobs.

A plan to help others

Several years ago we decided to do something about this problem. We started the Famous Writers School to help promising beginners everywhere acquire the skill and craftsmanship it takes to break into print—to pass on to them our own techniques for achieving success and recognition.

We poured everything we knew about writing into a new kind of professional training course—which you take at home and in your free time. The course begins with the fundamentals of good writing upon which every successful writing career must be built. Then you get advanced training in the specialty of your choice—Fiction, Non-Fiction, Advertising Writing or Business Writing. The assignments are simple at the start and gradually become more challenging. You learn step-by-step.

Every writing assignment you return to the School is carefully examined by instructors who are themselves professional writers or editors, working under the guidance of the 12 Famous Writers who developed the course.

You are a class of one

Your instructor goes over your work line by line, word by word, blue-penciling his changes on your manuscript much as an editor does with an established author. Then he returns it with a long letter of advice and guidance on how to improve your writing. While this writer-instructor is appraising your work, nobody else competes for his attention. You are, literally, a class of one.

Students breaking into print

This training works well. Our students have sold their writing to more than 100 publications including *True, Ladies' Home Journal, McCall's, Redbook* and the *Toronto Telegram*.

Kay Pierce of Toronto writes that she sold a humorous article to *Chatelaine*.

Doris Agee of San Mateo, Calif., received "a big beautiful check" from the *Reader's Digest* for a 'Most Unforgettable Character' piece. Without the Famous Writers School, she says, the article would never have been written.

Arthur Emerson was able to leave his job as a gas station attendant and become a writer for a large company in Florida.

Marguerite J. Fraser of Hampton, Ontario, received $250 and became a local celebrity when her first article was accepted for publication by the *Toronto Daily Star*.

Robert Lory of Richmond, Va., sold a short story to *Fantasy and Science Fiction* magazine only a few months after he started his training. He had tried to "crack" this market for two years.

Steven Novak sold eleven stories in six months, including one to *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*.

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As Faith Baldwin has said: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being ... makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find other men and women with ability worth developing, we have devised a revealing Writing Aptitude Test. The reply card will bring you a copy, along with a 48-page illustrated brochure describing the Famous Writers School.

When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of our staff. If you do well on the Test—or offer other evidence of writing aptitude—you may enroll for professional training by the School. However, you are under no obligation to do so. (If card is missing, please write to Famous Writers School, Dept. 6348, Westport, Connecticut 06880 U.S.A. Give your name, address, age and ask for Writing Aptitude Test.)

THE LONG, HAPPY LIFE OF LESTER PEARSON

He once cheated—just a little—in geography class. Now he's got the country moving boldly into its second century. In an intimate interview with ALEXANDER ROSS, the prime minister talks about the people, events and loves that shaped his life, and the Canada he's helped to change

It was the best possible day to interview the prime minister of Canada. It was April 28 — the day after Expo 67's sneak preview — and Mike Pearson, like everyone else in Montreal that day, was excited and almost childishly proud. Not merely because Expo is a fantastic Canadian achievement, but also because, almost for the first time, he could sense a new feeling in the country — a new confidence, a new pride, the beginning of the end of our century-old notion that Canadians are somehow second best. The press has eased its criticism (some columnists are even beginning to conclude that he's a great prime minister), parliament is getting things done, and the whole country — miraculous! — is actually starting to swing. Mike Pearson felt very good that day. And so when he sat down in a ninth floor Ritz Hotel suite with *Maclean's* managing editor Alexander Ross, he talked frankly and expansively about the life he's led and the country he loves.

Ross: I guess the first thing I want to ask you is: Do you feel proud?

Pearson: I feel very proud today, but even more so yesterday, when I had a very special, almost a childish sense of pride in my country when I was at the opening of Expo. I think everybody felt that way.

Ross: I came to Montreal this morning, and as I always do when I come here, I felt the sense of purpose of the Montrealers, the people of Quebec. They know who they are and what they're trying to achieve. I don't get this same feeling in English Canada. Is it ever going to happen?

Pearson: I think it is going to happen — indeed, is happening now. One of the reasons is that there is a French Canada. That feeling you mention — I get it too. There's no mistaking Montreal or Quebec for an American city. This is an identifiable community of its own on the North American continent, this French-speaking Canadian community. If you go to Winnipeg or Vancouver or any of the other big Canadian cities — I don't want to over-simplify this — you could think you were in Seattle or Indianapolis. So I feel that we in the English-speaking parts of Canada should be happy about the development of this special sense of purpose and pride in French Canada. It could help us to acquire the same strength of feeling nationally.

Ross: Now for a few questions about what's going to happen after your retirement. I've dreamed up a few imaginary job offers for you. Secretary General of the United Nations?

Pearson: Impossible. No man who's reached 70 should take on that job.

Ross: President of the University of British Columbia?

Pearson: I wouldn't want to be president of any university for the same reason. A visiting professorship would appeal to me — but not to take charge of 10,000 undergraduates.

Ross. What would you like to do most?

Pearson: I'd like to sit around for a while. I have a lot of papers and correspondence I'd like to put in order. That will take quite a long time. But most of all I would like to rest for a time. My wife says that's the most nonsensical observation she's ever heard from me, the idea of sitting around the house doing nothing, just nothing.

Ross. Well, here are a few questions about the future generally. I get the impression that a lot of people feel that in Canada — and mostly as a result of Liberal governments — we've now got just about all the welfare legislation we need. The problem of individual economic security hasn't been solved, but it's almost been solved — and the result has been that we're perhaps too cautious a country, that there isn't enough risk-taking. Do you think this is true? And is there anything a government can do to encourage risk-taking?

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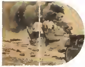
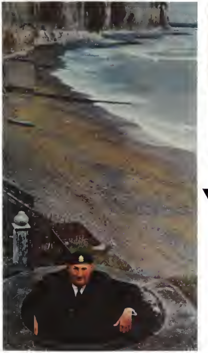
The beach at Dieppe, like all beaches on the English Channel, is mostly stones. To lie on it you need a mattress, and when you walk it sounds as though you're tromping across a carpet of walnuts. It's not quite a mile long, and at either end it is dominated by the limestone cliffs that make up the Normandy coast and are the twins of those at Dover. At high tide it's about 100 yards from the asphalt promenade down to where the sea froths, off-white, and it is so steep that you must take care the loose stones don't skid from beneath your feet and throw you flat on your face. It's a miserable place to sunbathe, let alone die.

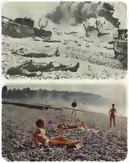
RETURN TO A KILLING GROUND—25 YEARS AFTER DIEPPE



BY ALAN EDMONDS / PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLIVE WEBSTER



On August 19 1942 there was a German gun turret where Brian McCool is standing. It guarded Puys beach where 554 men landed and 522 were either killed or wounded



Both pictures show the same stretch of Dieppe beach. Both were shot at the same time of day. The stones of the beach are still as big and sharp. The difference is 25 years, war and peace

WHEN HE WENT BACK to Dieppe in April Brian McCool remembered the beach as being smaller than it really is. But then he only saw it the once—on the morning of August 19 1942. That day one company of German infantry, plus gunners firing from the cliffs, blockhouses, an old castle and barricaded seafront hotels so dominated the beach they were able to knock out three battalions of the Canadian Second Division and tanks as well. On that unlovely beach at Dieppe 414 Canadians were killed. Another 421 died on other beaches nearby.

Of the 4,000 Canadians who landed at or near Dieppe almost 3,400 were killed or wounded. As battles go it demonstrated as well as any and better than most the ultimate absurdity of war. But chauvinists insist that to create a nation men must die for it (how often we hear that Canada "came to maturity" because of the Canadian part in Vimy Ridge, 1917) and instead of an inglorious military failure best forgotten Dieppe has become a celebrated moment in Canadian history. Elaborate quarter-century commemoration ceremonies are being staged in Dieppe in August and a few score survivors of the raid, ex-officers mostly, are flying back to Europe to take part.

But Brian McCool went back to Dieppe in spring, when northern Europe was a lustrous lucent green. He is 66 now and the Ontario government's musical education expert, a big man of 5 feet 10½ inches and 267 pounds with the appetites and girth and good nature of Falstaff. Twenty-five years ago he was a major in the Royal Regiment of Canada, and at the time of Dieppe one of Canada's Commando experts. At Dieppe

Dozens of blockhouses on Normandy cliffs are reminders of war; this one covered part of the beach at Pourville

DIEPPE

continued

About 2,000 Allied soldiers, mostly Canadians, were made prisoner at Dieppe. Many were herded into the grounds of Dieppe hospital and kept there while the wounded were treated inside. When McCool went back he was greeted by a group of nursing sisters who had cared for wounded raiders. "We remember them very well," he was told. "The French Canadians we remember especially."

The raiders, coming in from the west, were blinded by the rising sun. From the cliffs, from an old castle — even from this church — the Germans slaughtered them

The question remains: why Dieppe? "Sometimes I think the point of it all was to drive the Germans out of their minds with curiosity"

he was beachmaster with the task of making sure men and tanks and equipment landed on schedule and were ready to depart the same way. In the event it was a largely superfluous job because a lot of boats did not reach the beach, and most of the men who did land got no farther than the beach itself. Then the tanks were knocked out and the boats sunk and the men captured.

McCool was among them. As he said when explaining his role in Dieppe to me: "I was supposed to have had some 500 men in my command, but I never found more than about 120 of them and of those only 20 were alive when it ended. The Germans had that beach covered so well that when I did find some cover by a groyne — we scooped a hollow in the stones — I hardly moved more than 100 yards in any direction for the next six hours. I couldn't. And then I was captured, which is rather humiliating since you are then saying to your enemies, 'Now I've stopped trying to kill you so you must treat me well.'"

On the way back to Dieppe with McCool I began to realize that when you've finished saying war is hell and uncivilized and otherwise insupportable, it still remains true that the man who has killed, seen others killed and faced the prospect himself must always be subtly set apart from those, like me, who have never put their lives on the line for any reason at all.

We flew to Dusseldorf, and drove the rest of the way. Near Liège in Belgium it was McCool who realized two gentle hills were those from which artillery dominated the valley during the World War I battle there; at the France Belgium border it was McCool who appreciated what hell the relentless flatlands must have been for the infantry; at Charleroi, it was McCool who spotted the dining room's brass flowerpot for what it really was — a Big Bertha artillery shell.

At Dieppe, McCool drove straight to the beach where memorials announce it as the spot where the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, the Essex Scottish Regiment of Windsor, Ont., the Calgary Tanks and the Fusiliers Mont-Royal of Montreal were for a morning embroiled in a

continued overleaf

The corner butcher's shop has changed hands and buildings have been modernized, but the route to prison camp is still recognizable

DIEPPE

continued

As a prisoner of war McCool hid six illegal dumdum bullets down the drain of the font in the parish church of Envermeu. When he went back last April he looked for them in vain. Whether they are still trapped in the plumbing of the church remains a mystery

The French greet most tourists with remote courtesy. But an instant party took place when McCool visited the Café du Théâtre near the beach and owner Robert Chesnais found out that he was a survivor of the Dieppe Raid. "Canadians are always welcome," he said

battle which, as McCool observed when he stood in the chill wind and surveyed the beach where his war began and ended 25 years ago, was a latter-day Charge of the Light Brigade. The officers, like McCool, were mostly men from the middle-class professions who had run the peacetime militia as rather comfortable gentlemen's clubs. To them and their men, war had until then been ill-imagined as a rather romantic confrontation between the forces of good and evil, with them wearing the white hats and, of course, being nobly triumphant.

It was, therefore, something of a shock when Dieppe turned out to be a massacre — of Canadians by Germans whose defenses and alertness so nicely complemented the Allies' bad planning and inept execution. To this day McCool and many others are still half convinced there was a security leak.

In any event, it seems incredible now that a sane military commander would attempt a frontal beach assault at Dieppe. The main Dieppe beach is dominated by the cliffs, a 15th-century castle, seafront hotels and apartments and the harbor mole arm which juts a couple of hundred yards out to sea. The plan was for the town to be temporarily occupied by Allied forces who would capture enemy documents, demolish a torpedo-storage dump and destroy the port facilities and military installations. Churchill not

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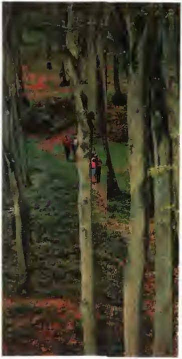


A handful of McCool's friends in the Royal Regiment of Canada escaped and hid in a wood. But most died where they landed on the beach in the morning

You can become afraid to remember the horrors, the ugly details of death. To remember what really happened makes it hard to live in peace

HOW TO START A BANK AND ALMOST LOSE YOUR SHIRT

It happened to Sinclair Stevens, who built a $130 million empire—and then blew it. Why? He moved too fast and borrowed too much—but worst of all, he challenged the traditions of Canadian banking

HE SOLD: *Sinclair M. Stevens, former duck breeder and police reporter, who built a $130 million financial empire in six years and then, to end a cash crisis, sold it in 12 days of frantic bargaining. He's standing, with his wife Noreen (right), in front of one of the supermarket trust-company branches he pioneered. Now the banks, which helped squeeze him out, are imitating his methods*

BY ALEXANDER ROSS

IF YOU SAW HIM MURMURING in the ear of some Ontario politician at the Albany Club, or quietly telling his broker over the phone to sell $500,000 worth of municipal bonds, or had read his company's embossed annual reports ("... record levels of achievement ... enters 1966 geared for solid continuing growth ...") or watched his smooth performance on TV last February during the Great Coyne Crisis, you would be entitled to suppose that Sinclair McKnight Stevens, founder and deposed master of the $130-million British International Finance empire, is a certified, paid-up, gilt-edged, self-assured inner circle member of the Canadian financial Establishment.

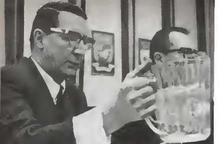
But you would be wrong. Despite a personal fortune of more than a million dollars, despite the unread copies of *Fortune* and *The Institutional Investor* on his office coffee table, despite a lot of friends in Ottawa and a lot more admirers on Bay Street, Sinclair Stevens is now identified, perhaps permanently, as someone who Never Quite Made It. If you mention his name to people in the money business these days, a sort of hush comes into their voices and they say things like "Well ... ah, Sinc was never very strong on the liquidity thing, you know ..." Then their voices trail off. It is almost as though a good man had hit the bottle late in life and then died. The tone is half deference, half regret. And sometimes you can even sense a feeling akin to pity — for it is plain to them that Stevens, at the age of 40, has missed his chance at the Big League and missed it forever.

There was a time, about a year ago, when it was conceivable that he might some day achieve something no other Canadian has managed in half a century: to build a bank, a new bank, in this cautious country where the banks are very old and very powerful and very, very few. But a number of unfortunate things happened to Stevens and, when the freeze-up came, it left him playing an unaccustomed role: that of the Loser.

This is the story of how it happened. How Stevens' BIF group grew and, when it grew too fast, got short of cash and into trouble; how the banks reacted to the crisis, forcing his group of companies into a brief and futile period of trusteeship; how James Coyne, former governor of the Bank of Canada and president of the BIF-controlled Bank of Western Canada, lost his cool and much of his stature in the resultant crisis; and how—yes, at the 11th hour—a young but *formidable* financier from Montreal named Marc Bienvenu stepped in to buy the group.

continued overleaf

HE BOUGHT: *Marc M. Bienvenu, the 35-year-old French-Canadian aristocrat who, with his friends, controls assets worth at least $500 million. He bought Stevens' BIF mini empire at distress sale prices — and tangled with James Coyne over the Bank of Western Canada. He's sitting in his mansion in Dorval with his 10-year-old son Pierre, whom he is already schooling in the mysteries of high finance*



Coyne, who left Ottawa after stormy hearings over his dispute with the Tory cabinet, went back last February — to charge that his boss was trying to sell Westbank to the Americans

THE BANK BATTLE *continued*

"You've ruined Westbank's name!" shouted James Coyne—and rushed from the boardroom "with tears in his eyes"

That wasn't the end of the story, of course. Last May, Bienvenu tried to fire Coyne as Westbank's president, but was balked by the bank's western directors, none of whom has any money to speak of in the firm. At this writing, it was unclear whether Bienvenu would renew his attempts to fire Coyne or simply say to hell with it and wind up the bank. But the squabble didn't exactly enhance the prospects of the first new Canadian bank in half a century — and that is a pity. For what our banking system needs more than anything right now is solid new banks, especially regional ones.

This system, as the Canadian Bankers' Association frequently observes, is one of the strongest and safest in the world. There hasn't been a bank failure for 44 years — and much of the credit is due to the fact that our banks are so awesomely *big*. (There are 13,000 U.S. banks, for instance, that are *smaller* than the smallest Canadian bank.) The eight operating chartered banks control assets worth about $27 billion — roughly as much money as the Americans have invested in Canada.

Until the revised Bank Act took effect last May, this monolithic system was almost eerily uncompetitive. The banks enjoyed raiding each other's big accounts, but for the average depositor there was little to choose between them. All offered roughly the same interest rates to depositors, opened and closed their 5,800 branches at the same time and lent money on roughly the same terms. And despite the fact that postwar profits were undeniably good, the number of banks actually *lessened* through mergers instead of increased. The cozy circle became tighter and tighter, and a small group of senior bank executives — well known to each other but extremely shy, as befits bankers, of personal publicity — had the major say over the deployment of more money than the federal government spends in two years.

This was the Establishment that Sinclair Stevens challenged and attempted to change. In a sense he succeeded, for already the banks are beginning to emulate the supermarket methods he pioneered. But it was probably inevitable that Stevens himself should fail to crack the inner circle of Canadian banking, for despite his conservative suits, his Conservative opinions and his unflamboyant personal style, Stevens never succeeded in making himself appear what bankers like to think of as Completely Sound.

He was always too entrepreneurial, too much of a hustler. He opened his first bank account at the age of six, with a gift of five pounds he'd received from his uncle in Ireland. By the time he was ten, living on his father's dairy farm near Kleinburg, Ontario, he'd swung the first deal of his financial career: he bought 20 duck eggs, stuck them under some hens and a few weeks later sold the young ducklings for $20. "The profit mark-up was 100 percent," Stevens recalls, "and ever since then I've had a lot of respect for money. When most people earn $10,000, they expect to spend it. But as far back as I can remember I've always thought of money as something you can work with."

He kept hustling through school, college (a BA in journalism from the University of Western Ontario) and Osgoode Hall Law School. By the time he graduated in 1955 Stevens had, through part-time jobs that included everything from raising pigs to covering police courts for the Toronto *Star*, enlarged his bank account to $10,000. That's when he began wheeling and dealing in earnest.

He started out in real estate (he and his lawyer wife Noreen still live in the seventh-floor suite of an apartment he promoted on Toronto's Bayview Avenue), branched out into mortgages and in 1959 got into the money business by buying an old and profitable Sarnia firm called Lambton Loan and Investment Company. Shortly after, he founded British International Finance (Canada) Limited as the corporate vehicle for even bigger deals.

In 1962 he founded York Trust and Savings Corporation and then started buying up or creating loan, trust and savings firms, including Winnipeg's Fort Garry Trust Company, the Edmonton-based Alberta Fidelity Trust Company and International Savings and Mortgage Corporation in Montreal. By 1965 he'd moved into mutual funds, founded a bank in Nassau as the vehicle for BIF's activities outside Canada, and secured financing and a charter for the Bank of Western Canada. At the peak of its growth, BIF was a 32-company financial group with assets of $130 million. Stevens was telling financial analysts that with the equity base he'd already built, the group's assets could grow to $500 million by the 1970s. In one of the more notable growth stories in the annals of Canadian capitalism, he'd managed to become one of the country's biggest money dealers in less than five years. Why did Sinclair Stevens grow so fast?

There were two main reasons, and one of them was James Coyne. Stevens hired him in 1963 as chairman of York Trust, and discovered that his name was pure magic to depositors. Coyne had emerged from his noisy squabble with John Diefenbaker with no job to speak of, but with a nation-wide reputation for integrity and financial acumen. His association with York Trust made it easier for Stevens to

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CLEOPATRA WAS "VERY MUCH A WOOOMAN"–AND FOR ZOE THAT COMES NATURALLY

By JON RUDDY

Zoe Caldwell once was a bottler in a pickle factory. She's still packing them in, but now as one of the world's best actresses, a seductive Cleo doing the unheard of: turning Stratford sexy

> A woman is a dish for the gods
> — *Antony and Cleopatra*

HER MOUTH is too wide and her nose is bumpy, but she is quintessentially attractive. She is also, according to a whole company of critics, producers and directors, one of the 10 best actresses in the English-speaking world. And when Zoe Caldwell, an Australian plumber's daughter with the spirit of a burst water main, opens as Cleopatra July 31 at Stratford, it should be a bad day for the Philistines.

She is not your stereotype Serpent of the Nile. Sitting there now, for instance, in a nasty little rented house in Stratford, nine pounds overweight, wearing a half-torn sweater, she looks as if she might have made a good Ophelia for Franco Zeffirelli, the Italian director whose beatnik Hamlet once intoned, "To be or not to be — what the hell?"

Zoe (rhymes with Flo and Joe) has played Ophelia in a more conventional *Hamlet*, also Mother Courage and almost everything in between, including Orinthia, a Shaw heroine of such bewitching beauty that every man who sees her is badly smitten. Actor William Hutt has said that she projects more sex appeal than almost any actress he has ever seen. Directors have discovered that her flawed fabulous face seems to rearrange itself for every role she plays, while her softest murmur carries like a party line to the farthest hinterlands: she is a dish for those gods too. As for the critics, *purple their prose, and so perfumed that / the readers were sick with it*. In New York, Walter Kerr gushed: "She flatters a man at nightingale pitch, then drops her voice four or five registers to cut his heart out." A Canadian critic wrote that she had "gorgeous creative juices."

On the subject of her own seductiveness, Stratford's first Cleopatra is the Serpent of Denial. "I was never an ingenue. I never had a pretty face. I'm not crying about it. I always knew that I had to grow up and learn to work. I always thought that when I was in my 30s I would be equipped." She's 33.

She was born in the Depression in a slum area of Melbourne to a dad who was a theatre buff and a mum who had been an actress of sorts and of musical comedy. She performed in a dancing concert at two years, 10 months, took up ballet and voice lessons. "I was lucky to get a scholarship with a voice teacher who taught me how to read, not how to say 'How now brown cow.' I got into radio as a child. Later I became an entertainer. I entertained, oh, not gentlemen callers, but birthday parties and all that stuff."

For a short time she worked as a bottler in a pickle factory — a fact that will come in handy when Hollywood gets around to doing *The Zoe Caldwell Story*. Her break came at 18 when she got a job with the Union Repertory of Melbourne, Australia's first professional rep company. Before she turned 21 she won an Erik award, Australia's answer to the Tony, for her performance in Shaw's *The Heiress*. In 1955 she joined the Elizabethan Theatre Trust and soon won a scholarship to England's Stratford to work with Sir Tyrone Guthrie. She first appeared at Canada's Stratford in 1961. She has played at the Manitoba Theatre Centre, with the Canadian Players, at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis, at the Shaw Festival in Niagara-on-the-Lake and twice on Broadway, where she won a Tony as best supporting actress last year as Polly in Tennessee Williams' *Slapstick Tragedy*. Next year on Broadway she'll play the role made famous in London by Vanessa Redgrave in *The Prime Of Miss Jean Brodie*.

During some of this time Zoe was appearing infrequently on the CBC. Most of the shows were forgettable, but she was not. At least one was pretty wonderful television. I was a daily TV critic for five years, and a CBC production of *Dear Liar*, a collection of letters between Shaw and a famous lady of the theatre, was one of the five or six shows I saw in all that time that I don't want to forget. Barry Morse played Shaw and Zoe Caldwell played Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Although she professes not to be aware of it, there is a lot riding on Zoe this summer. In the first place, *Antony And*

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THE MEETING GAME

♥ *It's the hardest part of the mating game. But the young crowd has some new ploys—like getting acquainted at new-style apartment pools, where unmarried tenants are the majority*

BY JON RUDDY/PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST EHRICHT

♥ *"Mind if I talk to you?" is a devilishly effective opener at the newest meeting-game wrinkle—"singles parties." Method: girls come stag, boys bring a bottle*

THE MEETING GAME, as any confirmed old spinster of 23 will tell you, is the toughest part of the mating game. How to meet The One? Every year more young Canadians are finishing their education and moving into the big, fluid, impersonal cities alone. Typically they move into apartment complexes whose aura of residential togetherness is an illusion. Given the mobile nature of today's society the turnover is so rapid that newcomers rarely get to know each other — or care to. How then is love to find a way?

The answer seems to be that new matchmaking mechanisms are emerging to help the young people find each other while the rules of the meeting game are changing in some interesting ways. For one thing, women are becoming openly instead of secretly active players. "One can wait forever for love's young dream to arrive on one's doorstep," says one of love's young pragmatists in Vancouver who doesn't intend to. Old standards, old scruples and preludes — The Introduction, for example — are starting to crumble like quaint gargoyles under a wrecking hammer. But it's a slow process.

SINGLES PARTIES

Singles parties — what are singles parties? They are the newest wrinkle in the meeting game. They are recurrent parties set up by bunches of bachelors — sometimes for profit, usually just for fun — to which young men and women come alone for the purpose of meeting each other. They started 10 years ago in New York, are catching on in Toronto and Montreal, and are pretty well unheard of in the rest of Canada.

"They are the best way of meeting lots and lots of members of the opposite sex, object matrimony, steady dating, occasional dating or whatever," says a young Toronto receptionist. "The great thing about them is that a girl needn't sit home on the weekend if she doesn't have a date. Nobody feels uneasy about going stag. Bringing a date along would just defeat the purpose."

The Pink Panther's Place is an intrepid apartment in Toronto — currently it is above a hairdresser's on Church Street. Nobody lives there. It was set up by nine bachelors, most of them in their 30s, for the purpose of throwing parties. Each pays about $20 a month for rent and incidentals. Party guests don't pay admission, but the men bring along a bottle.

The grand opening of the new Pink Panther's Place. The press releases have gone out ("A group of what could be Toronto's most eligible bachelors have joined forces and created an ideal setting for entertaining on a large scale"), netting a photographer from the *Daily Star*. The purple, printed invitations have gone out, apparently to people who have got on some master singles-parties list, netting maybe 75 guests in evening dress, a half dozen more women than men. The decor of the place is sort of Vic Tanny Mediterranean: cherry wall-to-wall carpeting, gold wallpaper and other elegant stuff. The music is big beat. It is clearer than at most parties that the guests are providing the basic attraction: each other. Communication is easy. "Mind if I talk to you?" is, among the Panthers, a devilishly effective opener.

"We're all extroverts," Charles Golombek is saying. Charles is an insurance man who drives a Mercedes-Benz 300 SL Gullwing Coupe and who distributed the last invitation late this afternoon by driving along Bloor Street and accosting the best looking

continued overleaf

That ice-breaking first hello—in an apartment-house laundry room, or anywhere else—calls for "a delicate balance between daring and discretion"

woman he could find. He told her about the party, gave her the invitation and burbled off in the 300 SL, and damned if she isn't here. We started this thing almost five years ago," Charles says, "and now there are only two original Panthers — Gerald Mason and I — holding the fort." He means that the other original members and some later ones, about 30 altogether, have dropped out after getting married, mostly to girls they met at Panther parties.

Gerald Mason, a civil engineer, is here. So are most of the other current Panthers, some occupied with one girl, some assiduously tending the wallflowers. They are Martin Sussman, who is "in diamonds"; Helmut Julnot, a consulting professional engineer; Barry Dykes, who deals in motion-picture equipment; Robert Ryan, who has just launched his own movie company; John Evelyn, a racing driver; and Randall Munger, the co-founder of something called Market Maid Advertising. Most of the members are Europeans — native born Canadians are not, generally speaking, actively involved in changing the rules of the meeting game.

A public-relations man and his wife are here. He says he was one of the original Panthers. She says she met him "sort of" through the Panthers but ... well it is a very complicated subject. "These parties are free and easy," somebody says, "sort of an extension of the campus scene. They serve as a catalyst to the gregarious."

SCIENTIFIC METHOD

Monday is the cruelest day. On Monday morning 1,180,032 unmarried Canadians over 24 wake up, and some of them have just spent crummy weekends not having met anybody interesting. Enough of these frustrated bachelors and spinsters decide to do something about it to make Monday the busiest day of the week for the marriage brokers.

Actually, "marriage broker" is a generic term to which most of the 20 or so professional matchmaking services in Canada strenuously object. They are *scientifically* oriented. Besides, it's popular these days to promise dates, not mates. The biggest national service is Operation Checkmate, which claims that the odds against finding your ideal date are 679,857 to one — unless, that is, you purchase the services of the Checkmate computer for $10. Clients answer a three-page questionnaire (sample: "What is the maximum acceptable weight level of your date?") and are promised at least three "compatible" names and telephone numbers.

Some of the computer agencies got started as campus organizations. An engineering student with an interest in computer programming and a pal in first-year psychology would organize a "computer dance." It is quite easy to program a computer for age, height and a few other basic factors. Still, the campus computers did some funny things. One Harvard man was matched with 264 girls because he had a red sports car and had inherited some money.

The University of Calgary's Cupid Computer program (application fee, three dollars) set up one attractive nursing student with 104 "compatible dates." The University of Toronto's computer (fee, five dollars) matched a male student with his sister. Dr. Vernon Serl of the University of Calgary theorizes that the use of computers as matchmakers "is an extension of our scientific, technologically based society. We are making use of the one thing in which we excel — technology. I don't think that this use will extend beyond a certain level of the middle class, which has traditionally been concerned with mating, marriage and having children."

There is a service in Vancouver, the Commonwealth Marriage Bureau, that claims well over 200 happy marriages in more than a decade of operation. This is no flighty dating bureau — triflers are deterred by the comprehensive registration form. The director, Mrs. Lin Brown, may well be the Mary Worth of Canadian matchmakers. Says she, in advancing the bureau's humanistic as well as scientific approach to coupling (e.g.

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Food for leisure living

Maritimes

Just plain good eating

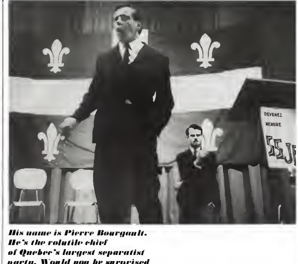
By Marjorie Harris/Photo Tim Saunders

Talk to Maritimers about food and be sure to talk plain. They like their fish fresh, as close to nature as possible. The rest of Canada obviously likes it that way, too—lobster is flown out of New Brunswick so quickly that there are in-season days when it's just not available there. New Brunswick's best-known food is the fiddlehead, but there's also samphire and goosetongue, greens so delicious that ex-Maritimers often plan their vacations to coincide with the late-July early-August season of these vegetables. Nova Scotia, apart from its superb apples and fish offers a colorful range of dishes all with gloriously bizarre names. There's Rapie or Rawppy pie (or *Paté à la Rapure*) and Fat Archies and Long Johns (no no—they're molasses cookies). Or for Hallowe'en treats there's Pip and Squeak (mashed potatoes and turnips with trinkets wrapped in waxed paper hidden inside). Prince Edward Island is the home of the magnificent Malpeque oysters. And so, for a perfect summer dinner, we've combined all the best foods that come from the Maritimes.

For recipes, turn to page 34

IS THIS MAN ALREADY THE MOST DANGEROUS POLITICIAN IN CANADA?

BY CATHERINE BRESLIN



His name is Pierre Bourgault. He's the volatile chief of Quebec's largest separatist party. Would you be surprised to know he's an anglophile?

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS ago, as a five-year-old waif with enormous eyes and even larger *pantalons*, he was photographed waving a Union Jack on the occasion of a royal visit to Quebec. On the last royal visit in 1964 he was the figure who, with the exception of H.M. Elizabeth II herself, commanded most frantic attention. I ruminated on this interesting and improbable fact as I climbed the steps of Le Pavillon *salle de danse* in the farming town of La Sarre, in Quebec's remote northwest Abitibi, sprawling along the Ontario border.

His voice came rasping, booming down the stairs to greet me. "A man in his own country who has to speak a foreign language to earn his living, that man is a slave. *Et nous*, that's exactly what we are" — pause, the next two words were spat — "*des esclaves*."

In a low-ceilinged dance hall muraled with antique waltzing couples, an audience of 60 sat listening to Pierre Bourgault, the 33-year-old firebrand chief of le Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale, the leading separatist party of Canada's most fractious province.

Who is this Bourgault? A former actor, journalist and bohemian who has developed into one of Canada's most interesting and possibly most dangerous politicians. A strong man of extraordinary gifts and frightening drives — all of them now dedicated to severing his country, Quebec, from "English rule." Yet he remains an unabashed anglophile, an avowed admirer of London, Shakespeare and Harold Wilson. Paradox or not, he's "the right man for the right place," insists a supporter. "At the right time?" *On verra.*

The first RIN president to be re-elected, Bourgault is now serving his third term. Like most of the leaders of his party he is sincere, nationalist, anticlerical, impassioned. Unlike the others, Bourgault, a bachelor, is often accused of being in love with the party — a charge he angrily rejects. "Pierre likes to think of it as just a job," a close friend says, "but it's a lot deeper than that. You can't do just a job the way he does, with 100 percent of his time."

Part of that time is spent holding press conferences, appearing on TV and opinionizing as a leading political figure in Quebec. A more important part is spent in the cities, towns and remote areas of the province, where Bourgault's struggling to build a workable political party out of timid amateurs, overheated revolutionaries and a treasury too empty to pay the phone bill.

Watching the young man who they say "is the RIN" sound off in the La Sarre dance hall, his chunky body moving to the cadence of his words, you would not think he had delivered this same basic speech several hundred times before. Formalities over, the local organizer apologized for the size of the crowd. "Ah no," Bourgault reassured him. "For a first meeting like this only half as many would be normal. And it's twice the size of the whole RIN six years ago. When we began in St. Jerome I took seven people with me, and we had an audience of two. But the second time we drew 250. That's the way it's going all over Quebec."

(In the 1966 provincial election the RIN claimed 8,500 members. Bourgault says the total is now 11,000 and growing fast. "Up, up, up. There's no doubt at all of our ultimate success — it's irreversible now." Nonetheless the total RIN seat count in the Quebec legislature to date is zero.)

With a small group in a restaurant, Bourgault checked his wallet, found seven dollars and decided to blow himself to a beer. Chain-smoking his Buckinghams, he flirted with the lovely young waitress ("Pauline, don't you know the most beautiful women in the world vote RIN?") and smothered his excellent steak in HP sauce. ("The English cooking is so terrible they have to make this magnificent sauce.") A young accountant interrupted to confess that he couldn't accept everything in the RIN program. "Fine," Bourgault declared. "Nobody accepts everything in the program. Even I don't." A Liberal minister at a nearby table sent over a bottle of Beaujolais, which Bourgault graciously accepted. "And the hall owner this afternoon not only didn't charge us but donated five dollars himself. That happens pretty often."

An hour later he was delivering The Speech for the fourth time that day in the meeting hall of the dreary little company town of Normetal. Thirty-nine ("Three times more than I expected") listened impassively, then asked intelligent questions ("What about the idea of you can't lick 'em, join 'em?") while an electric vigil light glowed before a statue of Christ on the back wall. There was time for a last midnight coffee around the kitchen table of the 51-year-old miner who organized the meeting before the drive back to Rouyn-Noranda with Bernard Beauchamp, the RIN's genial 28-year-old national organizer, who often accompanies Bourgault on his tours.

"Politics is a long game," Bourgault sighed wearily. "Look at that amazing roadhog ahead of us — from Ontario, of course."

The next day he taped a television interview, then delivered The Speech to some 300 students in the lounge at the Collège du Nord-Ouest Québécois, who a week earlier had scuttled a Centennial hockey match by frosting the rink with rock salt. "They've been telling us for years, be patient, we'll be a majority again. But we can't spend 24 hours a day in bed," he quipped, then urged: "Get interested in politics. Do politics. Help find solutions, all of you."

Driving away, Bourgault commented on how few of the college girls were wearing miniskirts. "You see them everyplace else in Quebec — especially around Lac St. Jean. *Mon Dieu*, even the bank managers there wear flowered ties." Suddenly the reason lighted. "Ah sure, it's because they buy almost everything from Ontario here." He peered into his wallet. "Hey, Bernard, I've got 30 cents left. Not even enough for cigarettes. I'll have to bum off the kids." Bernard counted out seven dollars — one of them

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At five, he waved the Union Jack. Now he fights to sever his "country" from "English rule . . . But I don't know independence is good"

In the tradition of Greek monarchs, King Constantine insists he should rule, not merely reign.

Dramatizing its power after its take over of the government, the Greek Army stages a march past outside the parliament buildings in Athens

American pressures, fanatic anti-Communism, and an authoritarian monarchy set the stage for a coup d'etat in Greece. Then a liberal premier triggered the action. An insider's report on

WHY THE ARMY TOOK OVER MY COUNTRY

By PHILIP DEANE

A WEEK BEFORE the army overturned democratic government in my country, a friend wrote to tell me the coup was coming. It was no secret; everyone knew the army's position and no one knew better than I how active the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency had been behind the scenes in Greek politics. The Americans may not have wanted the coup but I watched them help create the conditions that brought it about when I served as secretary general to the King of Greece and later as minister of culture, appointed by Premier Papandreou.

The plotters were already talking about their *putsch* when I took up my duties at the palace in 1964. Three years before, the Greek Army had rigged the 1961 parliamentary elections in an operation bearing the code name Pericles. I have read the plan of this operation; it was produced by Greek graduates of CIA political warfare courses.

A very senior official, who would be thrown in jail if I gave his name, described to me what he had seen. In my village the army gave weapons to right-wing goons. Known opponents of the right wing, not leftist, mind you, just moderates, were called in by the local army commander and told that if the right wing did not win they would be held responsible and the army would not be able to protect them. The goon squad was standing at the ready to illustrate against whom the protection would be needed. In another village the right wing got more votes than there were voters and this was a place where the moderates usually won.

A small pleasant man who looks neatly rumpled and talks as if he doesn't think you heard him, Lieutenant General Dovas was responsible for this rigging, as caretaker prime minister, and he was the man I heard most praised by American officials.

Philip Deane knows Greek affairs from inside. He was born in that country, son of a general who is the nation's most decorated soldier. Deane graduated from England's Royal Naval College, served in the Royal Navy (where he himself collected 11 decorations), was a London Observer correspondent from 1948 to 1961 (his experiences included being taken prisoner in the Korean war). In 1964 he returned to Greece and was appointed minister of culture and secretary-general to King Constantine. (Photograph above shows Deane and his wife on their way to attend the king's wedding to Princess Anne Marie of Denmark in that year.) Deane now lives in Toronto where he serves as foreign-affairs analyst for the Thomson newspapers and columnist for La Presse of Montreal.

In 1963 Gregory Lambrakis, a member of the Greek parliament — a gadfly, an exhibitionist, a professional protester and close to being Communist — was beaten to death by a goon squad in full view of police officers who did not intervene. A Supreme Court investigation established these facts and clearly implicated the Greek police, stunning informed world opinion.

The stern-looking civilian premier appointed by the recent junta, Constantine Kollias, was chief prosecutor of the Greek Supreme Court at the time. He resisted publicly and insistently against investigating and prosecuting the police officers implicated in the killing of Lambrakis.

Such episodes had given the army and police tactics in Greece too much adverse publicity by the time elections were called again in 1963 and no rigging was attempted. The victor was George Papandreou whose party, the Centre Union, is the Greek equivalent of Canada's Liberals. He is a tall, theatrical man nearly 80 who blossoms at the sight of pretty women and talks with an oratorical elegance unmatched since Demosthenes. He also is pro-Western, in favor of free enterprise, and, in 1944, he crushed the first Communist attempt to take over Greece.

Papandreou believed that as prime minister it was he who should rule the country with the consent of parliament and that the king, like other modern constitutional monarchs, should be a ceremonial figurehead. But no king of Greece has accepted such constitutional restraints. Like his forebears, the handsome and charming young King Constantine believed he, as king, should rule and not merely reign.

In conversations with colonels who were later to take part in last April's coup I heard their version of what an elected prime minister's proper place should be. "We should have a system like the Americans. The people will elect a congress which will have the right to approve or disapprove the budget. The cabinet will be appointed by the king and will be responsible to him. The president, after all, appoints his cabinet in the United States ... ."

The colonels thought that their version of the American system, with a hereditary king instead of an elected president, was an improvement because "no politician would reach supreme office ... and you know what politicians are." To convince Papandreou the politician that he should not challenge the king's supremacy, the army began threatening a coup. "The army belongs to the king like the king's yacht," a U.S. naval officer serving in Athens remarked approvingly.

The next step was to dub Papandreou and his son Andreas "leftists" because they relaxed some of the draconian security procedures that existed in Greece, such as the need to produce a loyalty certificate before sitting for a university exam or to get employment, even as a charlady. The Papandreous also refused to let the police use clubs against peace marchers protesting the Vietnam war, for so long as they marched peaceably.

"The march must not be allowed to take place. It must be broken up," an American Embassy official told me, having tracked me down at a restaurant late at night

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Bashir Qubi's down for the long count and the winnahs are Karen Smith's red organza playsuit ($35) and at right Carolyn Keddy's sexy Rosebud T dress ($9) Both designs are by Toronto designer Marlene Grobba who confides that the Rosebud dress was inspired by a cut down football sweater The playsuit is strictly see through but the all necessary crest provides opacity where it's needed most →

In a pugilistic confrontation with Bashir Qubi Karen (at left) is wearing a backless jumpsuit ($75) with structural support provided by a strap running down the centre of the back The fabric is Ban-Lon a cool and clinging synthetic Carolyn's frilly playsuit ($45) is trimmed with Austrian eyelet and features a navel-length neckline that's kept decent by a magic adhesive called Velcro Both designs by Marilyn Brooks of The Unicorn →

OUR PUGILISTIC PREVIEW OF SOME PUNCHY FASHIONS

WOMEN DRESS FOR MEN Therefore in the interests of market research we picked the coolest most feminine fashions we could find for this season and paraded them before the manliest males around — namely the boys down at Joey Bagnato's boxing gym in Toronto

The fashions are to use the trade term microclothes — styles that in the interests of summer comfort aim at the maximum exposure of skin consistent with still looking dressed (and even dressed up) The panel at Bagnato's included such distinguished connoisseurs as Mr Bashir Qubi a pugilist from Jordan who obligingly allowed himself to be knocked down for our camera Mr Ace Colman a visiting representative of the Chicago boxing fraternity and Mr Bagnato himself who handles a promising and unscarred pugilist named Pretty Boy Felstein

As photographer John Sebert worked with models Karen Smith and Carolyn Keddy the panel showered the girls with compliments Mr Bagnato allowed as how he wouldn't mind managing that one and Mr Colman was especially admiring of the styles that in his words showed a lotta skin

The results of our research were inconclusive but they justify at least one prediction microstyles like the ones shown on these pages go down very big with men And great news for girl watchers — plenty of women will be wearing them this summer

PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SEBERT

Punchy Fashions

A[illegible] pistol packing [illegible] this [illegible] skirt and minitop (at left) that make for a cool mini middle ($35 with hat). The gravity defying playsuit at right ($30) also depends on Velcro adhesive to achieve its strapless overall look. Both designs are by the Unicorn's Marilyn Brooks. The earrings ($10) are from Toronto's Yum Yum Boutique.

A winning combination [illegible] two skimpy see through hand knit dresses from the Yum Yum Boutique with matching tights. Both are $85. The matching shoes are by Calderone →

In the ringside seats cheers for lamé steal the fight scene. Both from Poupée Rouge the blue backless ($55) and pink and black ($75 — with matching coat not shown $125) are [illegible] flights to [illegible] evening [illegible]

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FOOD *continued from page* [illegible]

Food for leisure living

Maritimes

THE DISTANCE BETWEEN the good saltwater fish and a Maritimer's dinner table is almost as short as a hike to the beach. For our Maritime dinner we've chosen oyster and lobster Acadienne which was developed by Chef Anthony Casagrande of The Nova Scotian in Halifax.

To begin our Maritime dinner try fabulous Malpeque oysters accompanied by champagne.

Oysters on the half shell

Shell oysters
Lemon wedges
Cocktail sauce (optional)

Scrub oysters with a stiff brush under cold running water to remove sand. Do not allow oysters to stand in water before opening. To open, hold each oyster in a folded cloth with the hinge toward you and the deep shell downward. Insert the tip of an oyster knife between the shells at the hinge. With a twisting motion pry the shells apart. Cut muscle holding oyster to shallow top shell. Remove this shell and discard. Sever the muscle holding the oyster to bottom shell. Retain the delicious salty oyster liquid. Have oyster or soup plates ready containing finely crushed ice and place half-shell oysters in a circle on each plate. If desired, sink a small container of cocktail sauce in the centre of each plate. Garnish with lemon wedges.

Cocktail Sauce

2 tbsps tomato ketchup
1 tbsp lemon juice
⅔ tsp Worcestershire sauce
3 drops Tabasco
½ tsp grated horseradish
Salt

Mix together tomato ketchup, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco, horseradish and salt to taste. Chill thoroughly.

Broiled Lobster Acadienne

by Chef Anthony Casagrande of the Nova Scotian

1 lobster — 1½ to 1¾ lbs
3½ heaping tbsps fine fresh bread crumbs
2 tbsps chopped green onions
3½ tbsps soft butter
1 tsp chopped parsley
Salt, pepper

Live lobsters may be dressed for broiling at market or may be split at home. Kill by inserting sharp knife between body and shell at tail to sever spinal cord. Then place on back and make a deep, sharp cut through entire length of body and tail with a heavy, sharply pointed knife. Spread open and remove intestinal vein, liver and stomach. Crack claw shells with a mallet. Mix together bread crumbs, green onions, butter, parsley, salt and pepper. Place lobster on broiler rack, shell side down, and sprinkle liberally with the bread-crumb mixture. Broil slowly about six inches from heat, basting occasionally with butter, for about 20 minutes or until flesh is golden. If bread crumbs get too brown, cover with aluminum foil. Serve with a dry white wine.

Fiddleheads

Accompany the lobster with a serving of fiddleheads, or a tossed salad with fiddleheads added. If young, the stalk will be as tender as the head. If old, only the heads are tender enough to be eaten.

TO PREPARE: shake out each stalk and head carefully so as not to break off head. To remove brownish scale, wash well in several waters—warmish water is good—and lift greens up and out of the water. Let stand in salted cold water a half hour or so before cooking. Cook in a small amount of boiling water only a few minutes until the stalks are tender. Drain. Season with salt and pepper, butter, a few drops of vinegar or lemon juice. ★

So what's a guy to do with a souvenir thonk post? Al calls his secretary with it

You don't think I collect all this junk just because I like junk, do you?

I'm not well, friends. Just show me something useless, call it a souvenir — and I'll buy it. It's hopeless. I'm hooked — I've got souveniritis

By BARRY BROADFOOT

I WAS AWAITING my Vancouver flight call in Honolulu when I saw a friend sauntering along lugging a chunk of wood about the size of a three-by-three, four feet long and richly dark.

I'd once seen the things on sale at the flying-boat landing stage at Bora-Bora and if you whacked them hard with a stick they'd give out a loud and melodious thunk.

"What are you gonna do with it, Al?" I asked.

Sure, I knew that this thonk-post was a souvenir but I also knew that when a hard-headed businessman buys a souvenir he figures he's got to justify it moneywise. So I asked. At first Al explained that a shrewd native had asked six dollars for it, but he had beat the price down to four. A good buy, he said. (I could have told him he could have got it for three.)

"Okay, but what will you use it for?" I persisted.

"Well, I'm going to have it set up beside my desk and I'm going to use it to call my secretary." *Thonk!*

See what I mean? Justification. And what other businessman has such an apparatus? And what a conversational gambit. Beautiful!

Too bad I'm not the kind of hard-headed souvenir hunter that Al is. I don't need to justify anything. I just buy — and buy.

Our cleaning lady Ruby must spend the first hour each week just shaking the dust from Mexican serapes and wiping off little blue and white Dutch flower vases and brushing tweed purses, and there is a cute furry Australian koala that plays *Waltzing Matilda* but we lost the winding key a long time ago. She must often wonder about all this junk cluttering up the house. She's too polite to ask, but I could tell her — I have that dread disease known as *souveniritis* which in its most violent form is a terrible thing to witness.

I was idly poking around my den recently and lo and behold, I found a walking stick. It was a Maori walking stick, all carved and varnished and far too good to use slashing at ferns while walking through the woods. Ah, the memories it stirred!

It happened in Auckland. I had an hour to kill waiting for the airport limousine and another chap and I wandered into a souvenir store. He is a world-famous cartoonist and must make $250,000 a year, and he wanted a walking stick for walking. You'd think he'd be the one the perceptive saleslady zeroed in on, but no, he got away easily with a nice six-dollar cane. But I had sucker written all over me.

"This cane, sir, very beautiful," she said, and explained that it had been carved by a half-blind Maori chief who usually took several days to find just the right piece of gnarled root and another week to carve it into a portable totem pole. "Not many like this, sir."

I wavered, then stiffened my resolve. She read me and set me up for the kill.

"Are you an American, sir?"

"No. Canadian. Vancouver."

"Oh, how lovely. I'm so glad," implying that such a walking stick should

continued on page 34c

I came out with a walking stick I'd never use, carved by a Maori chief — and then had $22 to remember me by

The recipe
for Skol Vodka
has been around
for many
centuries.

Isn't it
about time
you tried it?

Sköl Vodka

Skol the shining pure Vodka

[illegible] your European tour. You can travel by air, road and by boat to all of Europe

KLM can take you to festivals such as this one in Bavaria. [illegible] KLM's [illegible] Stopover Plan which can give you several cities for the air fare to just one

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JUNK *continued*

So you buy a 40-pound Eskimo carving. Now it's a doorstop

remain forever in the Commonwealth.

That did it. I walked out swinging my Maori chief's stick and the shop had my $22.

I'm going to use it some day.

The thing to remember is that souvenirs are useless. Well, nearly. Take spoons, for instance. My wife has a collection of those small silver coffee spoons. You know the kind, stamped with the name of the city and an emblem. She's got them from all around the world but I think they're all punched out by the billions in one factory in Japan. Besides, they're not really very good stirrers.

I was in Fairbanks, Alaska, recently and was drawn to a souvenir shop like a drunk to a bar. There they were, those spoons. Hundreds of them in a big basket from every state in the union. Except Alaska. Why not Alaska? I asked the sales girl. "Oh," she said, "we had to send them all back. They spelled Alaska wrong." Alsaka! Alaksa? Aklasa!

And then there was the time I stopped in a shop deep in the Scottish Highlands. I didn't see anything I wanted but I bought four staghorn egg spoons because I didn't want to walk out without buying anything. The young couple running the shop seemed like such nice people. Ever since I've had boiled eggs for breakfast each working day. After all, I've got the spoons. Only trouble is, I like bacon and eggs for breakfast.

Those cow bells? Well, if you must know, I bought them in a dark and dusty shop in a small Swiss village because I was enchanted with the soft tinkling they made on the alpine pastures at dusk. We've used them once. To usher in the Centennial year like every good Canadian family was told to do, we stood on our doorstep at midnight and my kids clanged the bells making a dreadful racket. My wife blazed away on her silver Girl Guide leader's whistle and I dingdonged madly on our Avon Lady Calling door bell. Fun.

There is, of course, one comfort in suffering souvenir-itis, even in its advanced stages. You are not alone. Take my friend Tom, for instance. He made a trip through the western Arctic. And what happened? He came back with a monstrous Eskimo carving that weighs about 40 pounds. Tom's wife is a Dutch girl with flawless manners so she didn't say anything but she was obviously horrified. Now they have the only $47 doorstop in town.

What can you say about a guy who has two of those shrunken heads made by the Jivaro Indians in South America? He's a friend of mine.

And I know a family that brought back a sack of those huge pine cones from Yellowstone Park. They painted them gold and silver and used them for one year as Christmas-tree decorations. That little tree barely made

continued on page 34f

PARADE

Real cool

The young intern on night call in the obstetrical service of a London, Ont., hospital was awakened to take charge of an emergency delivery. He hauled on his whites hurriedly but not too carefully and a few minutes later, in mid-delivery, felt a strange sensation under his operating gown. An efficient if giggling nurse removed his trousers from the floor when he stepped out of them and went coolly on with the job. First baby in town ever delivered by a doctor flamboyantly clad in polka-dot shorts.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

The things he did to some juniper berries are unspeakable.

First he peeled them.

Then he squashed them. And dried them. And then he...but first, you must understand why he did it.

He was Alexander Gordon, a Highland Scot. The year was 1769, and he had just come to London. With one thought in mind.

To make the greatest gin the world had ever tasted.

Now, you need a number of rather exotic ingredients to make gin. Including juniper berries from the Italian Alps.

So Alexander Gordon bought sackfuls of the best Italian juniper berries money could buy. Locked himself away for a goodly number of months experimenting, and one day discovered that if you took the berries and... well, something exciting happened.

You could make gin that tasted more wonderful than gin had ever tasted before. So naturally, he did.

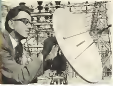
200 years later we still do. And Gordon's Gin is now the largest selling gin in London, England, and the rest of the world.

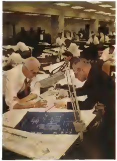
We still make it everywhere to the same secret formula he discovered.

And, so that it remains a secret, what he did to those berries must always remain unspeakable.

You could always buy a bottle of Gordon's though. And let it speak for itself.

Hydro's vast expansion program is geared to a burgeoning Ontario's electrical needs.





Upper left: Due for service in 1970, one of the world's largest nuclear electric generating stations is now under construction at Pickering, Ontario. By 1971 Pickering will be capable of supplying the energy for a million homes.

Lower left: Engineers, draughtsmen, mathematicians and people of many other trades and professions are constantly at work on Hydro's long range plans. New methods and technologies are being applied to help ensure abundant low cost electric power for every conceivable need.

Upper right: These Hydro developed cable cars are a fascinating example of new maintenance techniques. In these metal cars linemen are propelled along transmission lines to inspect conductors and insulators and to carry out repairs.

Lower right: A control room at Lakeview, one of the world's largest thermal-electric generating stations. The most up to date operating and control equipment, including closed-circuit television, enables Hydro technicians to program the complete generating process. At full operation, Lakeview will provide more electric power than the entire province used in 1947.

Top: While most of Ontario's future load requirements will be met from conventional and nuclear thermal generation, development of the province's remaining water power resources is proceeding with vigour. Mountain Chute is one of four new hydro electric projects under way in Northern and Eastern Ontario.

Lower left: This engineer is using a *coronaphone* developed by Hydro to check the design and performance of equipment employed on extra high voltage lines. EHV lines are literally superhighways of power, transmitting the great power resources of the James Bay watershed some 440 miles to the industrial complex of the south.

Lower right. Advanced computer technology helps Hydro to serve its customers more effectively than ever. Computers contribute to the efficiency of routine tasks such as customer billing, accounting, inventory and materials control. They also greatly facilitate the solving of complex problems in the planning, design and operation of Hydro's massive generating and transmission system.

Above: Hydro nuclear experts supervise the initial fueling of Canada's first full scale nuclear-electric plant at Douglas Point. The Douglas Point Nuclear Power Station, on the shore of Lake Huron, has helped to make Canada a leader in the industrial development of nuclear energy.

Throughout Ontario, small towns and great cities have one thing in common: an abundant supply of low cost electricity. Yet Ontario's tremendous growth calls for more electricity every day, every week, every year. To keep pace with this constantly growing need for power, Hydro will more than double its present resources within the next ten years.

Right now, Hydro is hard at work planning and building for the future. A vast expansion program is under way, using the force of mighty Ontario rivers and the heat produced from coal and nuclear fission to meet every future need for electricity.

The success of this program depends on the latest advances in science and technology. It therefore depends on people—highly skilled people of many trades and professions. And that *is* Hydro—people working together to provide the best possible service at the lowest possible cost.

your hydro

expo67 Visit the "RESOURCES FOR MAN"—Theme Building on Ile Notre Dame

Think you've got problems? I bought a fertility charm…

through to [illegible], Day Thee *crash!*

I know a World War II infantry man who liberated an Olivetti typewriter somewhere south of Cassino and packed it north on the road to Rome, then through the campaigns of northwest Europe and brought it home in 1945 triumphantly. What stories that machine would tell! Then one day about 1956, when they were moving to a new home, his wife got tired of seeing the damn thing lying down there in the basement and gave it to the junkman. Soldier-boy never missed it.

Soldiers, come to think of it, have always been strong on souveniring. And they've been at it longest. In the wild old days they souvenired whole nations. It was called war — and still is, for that matter. The age-old rules go this way: if it's not nailed down, take it; if it is, wreck it. Look what happened to Carthage.

Of course, souveniring has its wild side even in peacetime. Remember John Dillinger, that strange Depression hero who was gunned down by the feds in Chicago after being fingered by the Lady in Red? It was in 1934 and there was a world's fair on and thousands flocked to the killing ground outside a theatre. And there was a man selling bits of cotton batting stained, he said, with the blood of the notorious gunman which the doctors had used to try to stop the flow of blood. It didn't matter that Dillinger was very dead before he hit the cement, or that the cotton came from a drugstore, and the blood was from a pig packinghouse. This entrepreneur made a killing at a dollar a wad, and every buyer was happy.

The lesson, of course, is that if people want souvenirs, there will always be someone around to sell 'em.

I once bought a fertility charm from an old pipe-smoking Polynesian woman sitting outside Quinn's Bar in Papeete. Cost me 400 Pacific francs — about $4.50. Don't ask me why. It must have been the Hinano beer. When I got home I didn't know what to do with it. Would you? I ended up giving it to my secretary as a good-luck charm.

Well, that's the way things are with me. I guess I'll just go on hauling home souvenirs, heaven help me, constantly certain, like all who suffer with my affliction, that I've just carried off the best kind of souvenir there is: the kind you wangle from some innocent seller by doing him one better on the deal — and just as constantly realizing later that I didn't. ★

PARADE

Splash!

One night the CPR suffered a minor derailment in the interior of British Columbia — just one of those nights, railroadwise: nobody hurt, cars back on track in Johnny-quick time, could have been worse. Only real problem was that after the track and train were put together, one car seemed to be missing — an empty tank car. Came dawn and there it was, floating like an aimless half-submerged submarine on Kootenay Lake at the foot of the embankment. Then the real problem developed: how to get it ashore and back up the embankment. It was a new first for the Kootenays anyway, when a tugboat was called to salvage a railroad tank car and haul it down the lake to a barge landing where it could be craned out more conveniently.

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of humour
helps
(until you get
the hang of our new
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It's longer than luxury size. Longer than king size. Much longer than regular size. And that could be a problem.

You might close a book on the end of your Benson & Hedges 100.

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Or, like one man we know, have the end snapped off by closing elevator doors.

But persevere. It's like getting more than three extra king size cigarettes on us.

When you consider we make Benson & Hedges 100's with more of the best Virginia tobaccos, that's a deal worth having.

Canada's longest Virginia cigarette at popular price

Has a guilty man the "right" to escape the law?

TO THE EDITOR: Jack Batten's article *So You Think You've Got Legal Rights? Ha Ha Ha* (Reports) seems to be based on the woolly headed notion that a guilty person has the right not to be convicted unless the police comply with all the rules of some form of the game of cops and robbers. The "rights" he discusses would exclude evidence which would assist the jury in deciding the issue of guilt or innocence in a case. I suggest that any "right" or rule which excludes relevant evidence must exist for the protection of the innocent and not out of some notion of chivalry toward the prisoner.

An accused person has no "right" except to be acquitted if he is innocent. If he is in fact guilty, surely he cannot be heard to complain if he is found to be guilty.

Logically all evidence relevant to the issue of guilt or innocence should be heard by the jury. Rules of evidence which exclude relevant evidence exist primarily to ensure a fair trial and to some extent, for reasons of public policy. These rules invariably favor the accused person for the entirely proper reason that it is better to let 10 guilty persons go than that an innocent man should be wrongly convicted.

Let us examine some of the "rights" mentioned in the article.

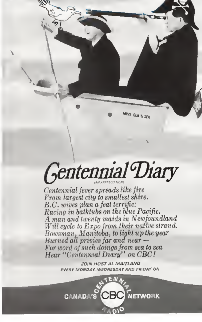
The right against self incrimination. No such right exists except for the benefit of witnesses who are called to testify for or against the accused person. Even this right was developed only about the middle of the 17th century and its purpose is to enable witnesses to more readily come forward. If there were any general rule against self incrimination it would exclude evidence such as fingerprints, traces of the crime, opportunity and behavior of the accused person.

Confessions. The rule is that no statement by an accused person is admissible in evidence against him unless it is shown by the prosecution to have been a voluntary statement in the sense that it had not been obtained from him either by fear of prejudice or hope of advantage exercised or held out by a person in authority. The judge must first be satisfied that the statement is admissible and if it is admitted, the jury finally decide as to what weight should be given to the statement. If the judge is not satisfied that it is voluntary, it is not read to the jury for the simple reason that its prejudicial effect would outweigh its probative value.

The right to counsel. This right, at trial, has existed since the earliest times to permit an accused person to have a full defence to the charges against him. But I think the U.S. Supreme Court has gone too far in holding that he has the right to counsel as soon as he is arrested. A lawyer has no right to tell an accused person what to say and what not to say or to help him conceal evidence. All that lawyers can fairly do is to hold the accused person's hand and give him the advice "Keep your mouth shut." The only argument in favor of the right of an accused person to have counsel during his interrogation is to ensure that any statement that is made is in fact voluntary.

The doctrine of poisoned fruit. Surely a guilty person has no right to complain if the evidence against him, though true, was obtained by some technically illegal means. We are dealing here with public policy, not with the rights of an accused person. If the police have breached some private right, as for instance searched a house without warrant, the aggrieved person has a civil right of action for damages. This may be wholly illusory if stolen goods are found on the premises although heavy damages might be awarded if no incriminating evidence is found. The real danger of this type of evidence is that police might be encouraged to commit wrongs, on the theory that the end justifies the means. It is a fair argument, therefore, that as a matter of public policy such evidence should be excluded.

Any extension of the rights of accused persons should be directed toward the protection of innocent accused persons, and the public. The police have a hard time as it is in bring malefactors to justice and artificial roadblocks ought not to be put in their path unless they are necessary for the protection of the innocent. — F. S. WEATHERSTON, QC, HAMILTON, ONT.



Centennial Diary
(AN APPRECIATION)

Centennial fever spreads like fire
From largest city to smallest shire.
B.C. wives plan a feat terrific:
Racing in bathtubs on the blue Pacific.
A man and twenty maids in Newfoundland
Will cycle to Expo from their native strand.
Bowsman, Manitoba, to light up the year
Burned all privies far and near —
For word of such doings from sea to sea
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ZOE CALDWELL *continued from page 21*

A lady-killer, higgary and peckery, then the old curly eye

Cleopatra is the only great play by Shakespeare that hasn't already been done at Stratford. In the second place, the 1967 season marks the last and climactic act of Michael Langham as artistic director of the Festival. And in the third place, the much trumpeted '66 season got bad reviews — Dr. Nathan Cohen, Canada's *only* drama critic, took it in his stride — and disappointing receipts.

Nobody knows quite what Zoe is going to do about all this. But everyone assumes at this stage that *Antony And Cleopatra* is the play of the year and that Christopher Plummer, who plays Antony, and Zoe are the players to watch. Especially Zoe. She hasn't revealed much about how she's going to play Cleopatra. "She was very much a woman — but this ..." (here she makes a sharp gesture of vertical lines) "She was the only woman in all of Shakespeare who could not be played by a man." Last fall Zoe told a reporter that her Cleo would be "all belly and breasts." Now she doesn't think that was a very felicitous phrase. "I received a letter from a man in Ontario who said that he hoped I would play her not with belly and breasts, but with brains and — ." Here she uses Henry Miller's favorite obscenity.

The first thing you notice about Zoe, after her eyes, which seem to burn like Lucas fog lamps, is her funny way of talking. She has acquired a lot of Australian and English slang which hardly anybody over here can make out — "They think I am a bit jolly hockey stick because I arrived in this country wearing a fedora," she will say, or, describing an evening she spent with a lady-killing Toronto publisher: "There was a lot of higgary and peckery when I phoned his secretary to find out what he was like and later at the banquet I noticed everybody giving me the old curly eye." She also delves frequently into a regular Blue Book of words and phrases which nice young ladies are not supposed to utter in mixed company.

Still, her indelicacies seem to drop as the gentle rain from heaven. Perhaps it is because she is so forthright about everything else, including her love life. "I have to be in love or I can't work. I am very orderly about it because I am a Virgo. Each of my five affairs has lasted two years. I suppose that if I'd married five times I would have had five divorces. But when I am with a man it is exactly as if we were married."

Her lovers have included several famous men of the theatre and an Australian guitar maker. The current one is a Canadian born producer who works in New York. Zoe has bought a Jeep, yellow with a red-cloth top, to commute between his apartment opposite Central Park and his 75 acre estate in Pennsylvania. "This affair may last. I really thought I had an actress's footloose life. For the first time I can see another kind of future. My only unfulfilled ambition is to have a child."

She is a very superstitious person. On this day, a beautiful day in April at the beginning of rehearsals, walking down the street toward the Queen's Hotel in Stratford, she is talking about the difficulties of playing Cleopatra. "Actresses who have failed, they say, although not totally, include Katharine Hepburn, Katharine Cornell, Colleen Dewhurst and Vivien Leigh. There has never been a real success in the —" She sees something in the gutter and runs over and picks it up. It looks like one of those little metal cleats off somebody's heel. She closes her eyes. "Protector, protector, bring me luck." Her eyes are squinched shut like a little girl's. "Protector, protector, bring me luck." She throws the cleat, or whatever it is, over her left shoulder. It hits the pavement somewhere with a tiny clinking sound. ★

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you're sure of a place to stay when you
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And you relax as you travel.

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The threat: they'd "prove" I was a man of doubtful loyalty

even though I had told no one where I would be.

"How do you propose they break up the match?"

"I don't care how they do it. Your policemen know how to do these things — buses, clubs. How do you think photos of policemen in Athens will look in the Washington papers at a time when American aid to Greece is being debated?"

Shortly thereafter I was appointed minister of culture and left on a special mission to Washington. My last conversation was with a friend in Greek Intelligence who warned me that his people might attempt to [illegible] me, proving I was a man of doubtful loyalty if I showed too much zeal in serving Papandreou.

"You wouldn't let your staff do this," I protested.

"I couldn't stop them. They get more money from the Americans than I pay them."

I told myself that my record was clean and that I had nothing to fear. But then I remembered that the CIA chief in Athens had asked me whether I had ever collaborated with the Communists in Korea. The Communists had made me prisoner one day when I was wounded at the front six times, reporting for the London *Observer* on the initial retreat in the first month of the Korean war.

They tried to brainwash me, once keeping me tied to a chair for 17 days and nights. But I converted my brainwasher, who later defected to the West and reported on my resistance under pressure. The late John Foster Dulles used to talk about the problem I had been for the Communists. Obviously the CIA man in Athens had heard none of this.

"Collaborated how?" I asked him.

"You broadcast Communist propaganda."

"Who says?"

"One of our best Greek sources. He says he has tapes."

"He can't have because I did not broadcast anything from Korea," I said. "Besides, Washington has a list of all those who did broadcast for the Communists in Korea. I'm not on the list."

Some days later I met the CIA chief at a party and asked him if his "Greek source" had produced the tapes of my alleged broadcasts. The answer was no. Even so, a whole year later one Nikos Farmakis, on a visit to the U.S. paid for by the U.S. government, was telling all who would listen that I had broadcast for the Communists in Korea, claiming he had tapes to prove it. But he never was able to produce these tapes. When the colonels seized power in Greece last April, Nikos Farmakis emerged as their spokesman.

To Washington, warnings

Farmakis's calumnies were no doubt designed to diminish my effectiveness in Washington, where I was working for the government of George Papandreou. Reports from American officials in Athens were pouring in alleging that Prime Minister Papandreou was disrupting the army, Greece's bulwark against Communist agitation, or worse. There also were reports of what would be done to Papandreou in retaliation. Washington is a town of many leaks. I soon learned what was afoot, and on two occasions in the spring of 1965 I flew to Athens to give the prime minister details of what was being plotted against him. I told him that Colonels Papadopoulos and Pattakos (the leaders of April's *putsch*) had prepared a careful plan for a coup to overturn democracy if Papandreou continued his "disruption" of the army.

Proof of this disruption, the public was told, was ASPIDA, which means shield, a "Communist" conspiracy within the officer corps. Papandreou's son, Andreas, was supposed to be the leader of this conspiracy. ASPIDA in fact was no more than a band of officers who felt they had been denied deserved promotions by the government that had preceded Papandreou's. These disgruntled officers formed a sort of guild to plead for the redress of their grievances.

Papandreou tried to block the coup

that had been prepared against him by personally assuming the Defense portfolio. The king refused to allow this and forced Papandreou to resign. The kings of Greece actually say the army belongs to them. Constantine protected *his* officers from the wrath of a prime minister who did not like being threatened with army coups.

So Papandreou was out, replaced by a series of puppet governments appointed by the palace. But how was he to be kept out? Army officers allegedly connected with ASPIDA were court martialed for treason in a trial reminiscent of Fidel Castro's juridical extravaganzas. The pluckier defendants protested in court that they had been made to sign untrue statements under duress. No proof was adduced of any complicity by Papandreou's son, who was not himself in the dock thanks to his parliamentary immunity.

Naturally this travesty of justice increased the popularity of the Papandreous, father and son. In parliament they managed to manoeuvre so no palace-appointed government could stand. Papandreou, after all, had won a majority of the votes at the polls and he demanded that he either be given the premiership again or that new elections be held. Elections were eventually set for May 28, 1967 and since it was apparent that Papandreou would win, the colonels struck.

That Greece could so move away from freedom when even Communist countries are moving slowly toward freedom is, in fact, a result of Communism. After World War II Communist guerrillas helped by Stalin's satellites tried to take over Greece in a savage conflict that lasted five years.

This was a formative struggle, the first exercise in containment, and it established patterns that can be detected in all subsequent efforts to halt Communism. Communism threatens not only the body but also the soul of a nation. The main threat is subversion by men who feel no doubt about the rightness of their Communist faith. Defense against them demands above all loyalty, also free of doubt. That is why we have seen the rise of such aberrations as McCarthyism or the John Birch Society and their less vocal varieties which are so widespread among military and intelligence personnel.

"Conflict," says Senator William Fulbright, "is a great leveler. The longer it goes on the more undiscriminating people become in their choice of weapons, the more they find it necessary to set aside principle for the sake of principle, the more, therefore, antagonists come to resemble each other."

Fighting the Communists side by side, Greek loyalists and their American advisers were shaped by this fight. They came to distrust dissent or debate. Ends, not means, mattered. That this is an extremist philosophy, Left or Right, was the sort of remark the Greco-American cold warriors did not care to hear. They were not interested in philosophies but in the hard facts of war, they said, and they were not prepared to have their careful plans disturbed by meddling, elected

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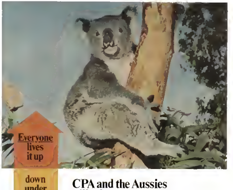

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GREECE *continued*

Fear of power—and power of fear

politicians. What the cold warriors wanted was a guarantee that they would be allowed to suppress Communism — forever of course since it threatens forever in their view.

In Greece, for the cold warriors — American as well as Greek — what guaranteed that they could go on crusading forever in their way was the right of the king to rule rather than reign — rule by being able to call on the army which *belongs* to the monarchy not to the people.

Thus during their fight against Communism the Greek armed forces, their local American advisers and the monarchy developed an interlocking relationship: the king protects the ideological makeup of the army. America finances the army to the tune of $80 million a year; the army, by threatening a coup, enforces the king's right to protect the army's ideological makeup. This relationship was born of the cold war and has continued despite the thaw. It suits everyone concerned, especially American officials in Greece, because the army, by virtue of its unquestioning anti-Communism and its dependence on U.S. military aid, is always pro-NATO, pro-containment. The U.S. Embassy need not fear having to tell Washington of any unpleasant surprises in Greece. And if only Greek politicians would play along, they could be prime ministers with all the trappings of office.

A familiar saying is that power corrupts. But so does powerlessness. Greek political life cannot have much dignity when the prime minister and his aides know that winning elections is not enough and that to survive in office they must curry favor with the army, the U.S. Embassy and royal courtiers.

When I was the king's secretary general, prominent political men sought me out, urging me to tell the king they were on *his* side. Some would be more specific and name the portfolio they hoped to get when Papandreou fell ... perhaps I could mention it to the king. Others, still sensing which way the wind was blowing, simply talked to me at length about Papandreou's defects, hoping I would report their views to my royal master. A few even went so far as to try discreet bribery by offering to lease me a suitable mansion for the price of an efficiency apartment.

Conversely, one of the Greeks best qualified for high office says he sees no purpose in entering politics when Greek politicians are effectively powerless, since they operate under the constant threat of an army coup. Many qualified Greeks feel this way and stay out of public life. Those who enter it find themselves more often than not forced into demeaning compromises. And to these compromises, the colonels who cause them can point as justification for seizing power. The vicious circle is complete.

The Greek case is not unique. There are many others in less developed countries which receive massive American aid: South Korea, South Vietnam, Thailand, Pakistan, Iran, Turkey and a slew of Latin-American republics. The citizens of these countries, if they are informed, may agree with me that America is still better than Russia or China, which is faint praise and damning too, for the land of Jefferson and Lincoln ★

JASPER

BY SIMPKINS

"Could I try on your fur coat?"

DIEPPE *continued from page 16*

"Too big for a raid, too small for invasion. What was it?"

wishing to alienate the French, banned pre-raid bombing.

In the event only a score or so soldiers got off the Dieppe beach into the lower town.

The other flank attacks were at Pourville in the west and Puys in the east, both villages built in clefts in the cliffs. At Pourville the South Saskatchewan Regiment did get off the beach, but not far. At Puys 554 men of the Royal Regiment landed on a beach about 350 yards long. They were late and it was light when they landed. A handful of Germans promptly killed or wounded 522 of them, but the beach is so vulnerable from the heights that it's not the death toll that's remarkable, it's the number of survivors.

When Dieppe was over it became necessary to justify it. It was mounted, some said, to prove to Stalin that the Allies were as ready as the Russians to fight on the European mainland. It was, said others, to satisfy Montgomery's curiosity about the consequences of a frontal assault on a defended coastal town. And there were those who argued it was vital to bolster the sagging morale of the beleaguered British. There had to be a reason and a good one for all those men to die, and in the end the one that was accepted as most satisfactory was that the myriad mistakes of Dieppe were a lesson that saved lives when the real invasion took place in 1944.

As McCool said when he went back: "Sometimes I think the point of it all was to drive the Germans out of their minds with curiosity. After I was captured I was questioned by a German officer. He was a decent type and he said, 'Look, McCool, it was too big to be just a raid and too small to be an invasion, so tell us — what the hell was it?' I told him I'd be glad to hear if he ever found out."

We stayed at the Hotel de l'Univers opposite the beach, where proprietor Jean Tilquin said that he believed Germans who fought at Dieppe also came back quite often, just like the Canadians. "The Germans who stay, sometimes we think they were here in the war, but they don't say. I think they know it is better to be forgotten," he said. Outside the hotel fly the flags of Britain, Canada, France — and West Germany. Tilquin and Paul Brunet, a local florist, both advised us to change our German car for a French one. We didn't do so, and if my French were better I might have been quite hurt at the things people yelled when we passed them and they spotted the large D (for Deutschland) painted on the trunk of the car.

Brunet, it seemed, has a relationship with the relatives of those who died at Dieppe which transcends the understandable commercial one of florist and bereaved. In Toronto he was highly recommended as a helpful contact — and indeed he proved to be one. He explained that at the time of the raid he was in the "passive defense corps" — a group who watched for fires and bomb damage and did rescue work. During the raid he was standing in the main street, Rue de la Barre, when three Canadians appeared around a corner about 150 yards away. At the time he was wearing a German-supplied tin hat and plus fours. Apparently thinking he was a German soldier in puttees the Canadians opened fire and missed.

It's a traumatic experience being shot at, even in error. Brunet later provided a local artist with a description of the Canadians and the three charging soldiers the artist painted are fondly displayed in the florist's window each anniversary of the Dieppe Raid.

The scars of war have healed in Dieppe. The new buildings are already

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"Something whipped past me, and he was dead, still smiling"

beginning to mellow and no one lives in the German-built blockhouses on the cliffs any longer as they did during the postwar housing crisis. But the cliffs are still pockmarked with the caves and gun emplacements the Germans built and, along with the sculptured memorials, are the most visible reminders of the raid. The cemetery where 1,000 gravestones stand in parade-ground ranks is three miles outside the town just off the Paris road. The cemetery was the second place McCool visited on his first full day in Dieppe; the first was the beach again at dawn to show me how it was during the raid — how after the landing the sun came up from behind the town and etched all the buildings and cliffs in shadows and blinded the men trying to fight their way off the beach.

By the time he reached the cemetery it was mid-morning on a sunny gentle day. The cemetery is surrounded by farmland and this day the usual oppressive quiet of burial grounds was broken cheerfully by birds and by the muted buzz of tractors hauling seed potatoes in slow motion across the skyline. McCool stood for a long time looking at this sudden blaze of white marble gleaming in the sun amid the green and brown of the countryside, then set out to find the graves of those he remembered. There were many old friends, old enemies and many an old pupil from his school teaching days in the 1930s.

We also looked for the grave of a young British naval officer whose name McCool thought might have been Hobson or Hodson. "He was a nice rosy-cheeked lad who came up to me on the beach and was down on one knee, his face next to mine, shouting a report over the noise of the guns, when I felt something whip past my right cheek and suddenly there was a hole in his head and he was dead, still smiling. . . . Curious sensation having a man killed when his lips are four inches away from your ears."

After a moment McCool shook his head as if to dislodge the thought, then added in the detached unemotional classroom manner of a pedagogue: "That's not unusual, you know. There have been many cases of people having heart attacks while walking upstairs and just standing there, dead. Pretty gruesome for anyone who finds them, I suppose."

Throughout his trip back, McCool rarely talked about the horrors of what happened during the Dieppe Raid itself. It seemed almost as though he was afraid to remember — to recall the detailed reality, that is, what happened before and since is more supportable. My father once told me that he didn't want to remember what really happened in battle; he said that if he did it would make it hard to live in peace.

No trace of an officer called Hobson or Hodson was among the 944 Commonwealth dead in the cemetery. McCool obligingly posed for a few photographs, took some of his own, and said that he thought there should be a Canadian flag at the cemetery. Then he left for Envermeu, a village about five miles inland. There a group of French farmers greeted us effusively when it was explained that McCool was a survivor of the raid, and because neither my French nor his proved adequate for the local accent, one of them wrote in my notebook "*Beaucoup de reconnaissance et d'amitié à tous les Canadiens*" — which roughly means "We are grateful to all Canadians and send them our best wishes."

We had gone to Envermeu because it was there that most of the captured Canadian officers were kept under guard for a time after the raid. McCool was captured as he lay on the esplanade beside a knocked-out armored car using the cabin's radio in a bid to tell the headquarters ship that all was lost. "I was on my belly trying to look dead when I looked under one arm and saw a pair of foreign-looking boots. I looked under my other arm and saw another pair of boots, and I rolled over on my back and there were a half-dozen gents pointing bayonets at me. An officer told me to get up — you learn German pretty fast under these conditions — so I got up and handed over my revolver and asked if I could stay behind on the beach and help with the wounded. He let me.

"I'm rather glad I was a Canadian captured by the Germans and not the other way round. I heard some of our people talking about not bothering to take prisoners but to shoot them instead. If I'd been a German then I might not be alive today."

Men surpass their own expectations of themselves in war if they've been made to hate hard enough. It's easily rationalized later. "The Germans were more used to making war and more likely to play by the rules than we amateurs," said McCool.

At Envermeu the Canadian officers' prison was the parish church. By the time McCool was taken prisoner he'd emptied his revolver, but he still had half a dozen shells in his pocket. For some reason he cannot — or would rather not — remember, he had been issued with soft-nosed dumdum bullets. Since these inflict the worst kind of wound, their use is outlawed by the Geneva Convention, an agreement drawn up by the civilized world to define acceptable ways in which we may slaughter one another. At the time McCool was disturbed at the prospect of being found carrying dumdum bullets, since the Germans for whom they had been intended might have regarded it as a punishable breach of etiquette. He therefore dropped the bullets down the drain hole of the christening font. Whether they're still stuck in the pipes is in doubt. The curé of the church at the time died three months after the raid, and the incumbent priest has never heard of anyone finding the bullets, nor has he any complaints about the plumbing.

We next visited Pourville where the South Saskatchewan Regiment and Cameron Highlanders had some success and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Merritt won the Victoria Cross for leading his men across an exposed bridge under fire. There McCool stopped for a beer, and the café proprietor graciously accepted a drink. He explained how he'd seen the Canadians, and McCool was reminded that when the news of Merritt's VC reached the prison camp he was presented with a piece of chair covering. "My wife had sent me a sample of the new covering for our chesterfield and it looked a bit like the VC ribbon, so we made up a ribbon and held an investiture," explained McCool.

It's a fond memory that, and demonstrates McCool's ambivalence to-

continued on page 42

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DIEPPE *continued*

"The Germans aren't too popular around here, you know"

world war. Publicly he takes the thinking man's line that war is deplorable. Yet for him, and others who fought, it remains the most significant of life's traumas. In war, life has a purpose, an importance it's impossible to repeat in the ennui of peace. War is a selflessness faced by every generation.

It was at Puys that most of McCool's friends had died, because it was there that his Royal Regiment was almost completely wiped out. Only a score or so, led by the commanding officer, got off the beach and, after knocking out one machine-gun nest and patrolling the area, they hid in a wood until captured. Among Dieppe veterans Puys is known as The Abattoir. There's a little square there now, with the war memorial on one side and on the other the Cabriolet Discothèque, one of the better known and newer nightclubs on the northern coast of France.

Up on the clifftop behind the memorial, in the garden of a villa perched on the cliff edge, are two of the blockhouses from which Germans shot down most of the Royal Regiment. McCool climbed into the lower blockhouse, stood in the hole where once a gun turret had been, looked down on the sweep of the beach and said, as if in awe, "My God, I'd never seen it before, but . . . how could anyone survive down there?" Well, not many did.

The other blockhouse is next to the villa and has been turned into a wine cellar by the owners, Giles Mills, a former British Fleet Air Arm officer, and his wife Marianne. Over drinks, McCool again tried preaching his gospel of forgive and forget, which had by now been coolly received by most of the French men and women we'd met.

"German veterans of Dieppe wanted to attend this year's commemoration services, but the Canadians have objected," he told the Mills. "I'm president of the Fort York branch of the Canadian Legion and I regret the Legion decided to take the same view. Good God, the war's been over for 20 years. These people are our allies now, and they were at the first memorial service 25 years ago — when they buried our fellows with full military honors. All these objections to the Germans being there makes me think of an old German saying: Hell hath no fury like a noncombatant."

Mrs. Mills seemed doubtful. "The souvenirs, memories are bad," she said. Her husband said the Germans had wanted to send 200 people to the ceremonies, "which was just like them, and a bit too much for the local people to swallow. The Germans aren't too popular around here, you know." He said a former German officer always attended the annual August 19 anniversary services at Puys. "He commanded some of the guns that cut down the Royal Regiment, but at the services he never

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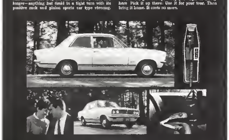

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DIEPPE *continued*

identifies himself. He just stands there quietly taking part. I've talked with him but he doesn't say much about the raid. It's hard to explain really. He seems to think it was a bloody terrible carnage that didn't make much sense for either side and should never happen again."

McCool saw much more of Dieppe. There was the new artificial snow on an ersatz ski slope which opened the day he arrived. He also toured the harbor and cliffs, where he looked through a coin-in-the-slot telescope at the beach and focused on a boy and his dog and said he supposed that was how he had looked to German gunners. He called at the new casino built to replace the one which Canadians occupied during the raid and which the Germans promptly demolished because, being right next to the beach, it could again become an invaders' strongpoint. And in his spare moments he took to his hotel room to pore over a score of Yeomen *Of The Guard*. He was scheduled to conduct a school orchestra in a performance of the operetta on his return to Toronto.

But always he went back to the beach — and to the cemetery.

They believed enough to die

It was here on the beach that the platoon he led died. [illegible] there a mortar landed in a bomb crater, killing five of the eight men sheltering there — McCool being one of them. [illegible] about here that the "cold-blooded courage of Dick Eldred (a McCool deputy) was the inspiration of a lifetime." About there that Ross Calder, another deputy, had his finger severed by a bullet and stuck it to the back of his hand with a field dressing in the vain hope a doctor could graft it back on later.

I was with McCool, listening, but he walked that beach alone. The sun was shining and two boys heaved stones out to sea, and my imagination failed me. I could neither see nor feel that morning of 25 years ago, nor could I understand.

After our first visit to the cemetery McCool returned twice without me. Days later he said: "In that cemetery I felt more badly than I did when I was on the beach and the bullets and shrapnel and bits of shattered stone were flying and all the bodies were around me. I can't explain it, except that then we were all in a state of shock. It is a shock, you know, to go into battle and find it isn't at all what you expected."

And then he said: "My boy, you're going to write an article about all this and you won't have much trouble proving that war is the ultimate futility. You might even argue that the Dieppe Raid was one of the most futile things of all. But what you don't know is just how we felt when we went in to fight. It doesn't matter really whether the raid had any point or whether it was badly planned or whether some of us were cowards or maniacs or heroes. What is important is that a lot of good men believed in something enough to die for it, and you can't belittle that and you shouldn't try to." ★

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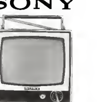

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PIERRE BOURGAULT *continued from page 27*

You travel, make speeches, "push all the time"

in dimes," Bourgault groaned. "If the people knew how this *chef de parti* lived they wouldn't believe it."

That evening he installed The Speech in a brightly lit church basement for an audience of 160 workers, students and priests, crying hoarsely: "We've never known responsible government. We were governed first by Paris, then by London — always as a colony. But now the time has come to assume our responsibilities, to become adult." Finally Bourgault had reached the end of his 10-day organizational tour in Abitibi, tough because it was new terrain. He celebrated with a midnight feast of wine and *fondue bourguignonne*. "We're going to eat like pigs," he exulted, his laugh — an explosion not unlike a Canada Goose honk — filling the dining room. Yet by 2 a.m., as the party evolved into uncertain waltzing on the living-room rug, Bourgault was solemn again, hunched at the end of the table, talking politics.

Pierre Bourgault's life today is one long election campaign. He averages 130 public assemblies a year and often spends 18 hours a day wooing *les Québécois*, giving speeches, holding meetings, signing the town hall Golden Books, tramping through mines, factories, sawmills — "wherever they work. You have to push all the time when there's no election. There's enthusiasm but no fever."

The fevers raged quite effectively a year ago in Quebec's last provincial election — and Bourgault's first. "Fantastic fun," he beamed. "It's terrible, so hard. The last week you go on pills and shots." The riding he chose to run in is the toughest in Quebec: Duplessis, a vast wilderness the size of France that runs from Sept Iles to Fort Chimo along the fabled Côte Nord. Since there are almost no roads he campaigned mostly by plane and boat. "It's good for the image, for the legend, when they see me on TV crossing the ice in a little boat."

Still, he lost the election, yet what he won was probably more important: a general awareness throughout Quebec of Pierre Bourgault. Although the RIN failed to capture a single seat, "Pierre was really the *vedette*, the new dominant figure from that election," one supporter says. Two weeks later Bourgault appeared at an RIN rally in Montreal that drew 3,000 people. "Ever since then it's accelerated faster than ever," he says. "Now I have to refuse half the invitations."

"You learn to fight"

The Pied Piper of *la révolution* was one of five children born to "a very middle-class family" in the Eastern Townships, where his father worked as county registrar for the provincial government. Pierre recalls having "a very difficult childhood like Marilyn Monroe. I never knew my family much." At seven, because "there was no school there to satisfy my parents," he was packed off to boarding school, which he hated. "It's dangerous, completely squashing. But I'm very glad I had it because that's where you learn to fight."

Came adolescence: he fought "everything, *everything*" in a terrible unorganized rebellion against parents, society, friends, church. "I was probably looking unconsciously for a cause, a reason to be living." He drifted into philosophy at the University of Montreal, kicked over a series of jobs — file clerk, army officer, television announcer. Meanwhile he had "a terrible religious crisis" from which he emerged agnostic. "I was quite sure I was a genius — this is off the record — but I didn't know what to do with it. So I became just a bum, a complete bum, going from job to job, sleeping anywhere. I played cards and craps all night on the Main, then went to work unshaved. I didn't give a damn about my jobs. Most of them I quit." When he complained one day about his job as CBC studio director, someone asked, "Why don't you quit?" Bourgault marched upstairs, resigned on the spot and spent the next six months in Europe, raising his bumming to the level of high art.

Back in Canada he acted for one season in a CBC soap opera, playing a conscription dodger. "He was still a rebel without a cause — lost, very lost," recalls a friend. One night someone took him to a meeting of a newly formed separatist party, the RIN. Finally Bourgault found something that gripped him; he signed up on the spot. Says Jean Décarie, a town planner who roomed with Bourgault in those early party days: "Pierre had that *force dynamique* but it wasn't channeled yet. He wrote a big play, beautiful but dull. He read a lot, a lot, a lot. He was terribly insecure. He brooded; he had big, unsolved personal problems. We often thought he would suicide. Two or three times after he left the apartment, going to throw himself into the canal, we went looking for him in a car. The ones who have these *problèmes d'existence*, who reflect a lot on themselves — nothing satisfies them except *l'engagement total*."

To free his nights for political meetings, Bourgault moved to *La Presse* as a feature reporter. His relationship with the RIN was then as stormy as everything else in his life. "I quit the party at least 10 times in five years." Sometime before he was first elected to the central council a resolution was passed requesting him to shave before meetings, leave his blue jeans home and clean up his language. Yet even then, says Jean Décarie, "It was evident he was the only one with the étoffe of a real politician in the party."

His first political speech, delivered in his one suit and one "frightful red tie with red bugs on it," took him three weeks to write. In his second speech he floundered into a 20-minute analogy between the French Canadian and the frog. "It took him at least a year" to make a joke in public. But he became one of the most effective orators in Quebec. "It took 100 speeches."

After three years at *La Presse* (making $5,000 a year and living on $15,000), Bourgault was elected president of the RIN and ordered by party leaders to move into the basement playroom of a separatist family and live on $40 a week. "To accept was very difficult — poverty, humility and having to live with other people," Bourgault sighs. "Then I found out how wonderful it was to be completely free. I was on the top — which is very important — and then I had nothing to lose."

PIERRE BOURGAULT *continued*

For the Queen's visit: "A big bluff—and it succeeded"

Bourgault assumed party leadership just before the Queen's visit of 1964, which was to be the RIN's first critical test of power. After weeks of not-so-veiled menace — "Yes, I think it will be very dangerous for her to come" — Bourgault arrived to find Quebec "really a fortress, a citadel filled with soldiers and police," plus some 800 foreign correspondents. The danger peaked at a meeting attended by 2,000 agitated RIN members and a roughly equal number of police and reporters. "You know, we had pumped them for two months. It was a very tense, very dangerous, very violent crowd. When a London reporter shouted [a rude expletive] they were ready to lynch him. I was very afraid at that time — of not being able to control them." Persuaded after the meeting to call off a mass demonstration "because for them it would have been a massacre," Bourgault climbed onto the roof of a car and asked his followers to go home. "Some were crying — they were so surprised — but it worked; they went." Did he still consider the RIN power play a success? Bourgault nods. "Sure. We put up a big bluff because we wanted the world press to come, and it succeeded."

And for the current royal visit? Bourgault shrugs. "We had it one time; that's enough. As long as she is coming only to Expo, which is now international territory for six months, and not to Quebec, then we have our victory."

In the three years between visits Bourgault's inner furnace was set to firing a new character for himself. The blue jeans were banished to the closet, the white shirt and tie he wore so often "they've almost grown into my neck." Once lazy and usually late, he became obsessively punctual. He trained himself to skim newspapers in minutes, vacuuming random facts such as the longevity of Canada roads (30 years in Quebec) and

continued on page 47

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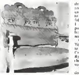
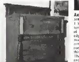


"Whimseys"

MRS. A. L., EXETER, ONT.

Yes, your sofa or settee is an interesting example of late Canadiana. Of course items of this classification do not always conform with the classic approach to collecting but are nevertheless accepted as "whimseys" which relate to a specific area and period of craftsmanship. This example is of the period 1880-1900 and other than the decorative motifs and the wood has little to recommend it. The two raised beavers appear to be well designed and the figured maple (could it be waved birch?) short of Canadian origin. The raised floral motifs and the fretwork provide little in the way of clues but I suspect that the area of origin could be within a short distance of Toronto.



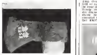
Miniature chest

DR. H. E., OTTAWA

Your miniature chest of drawers is an excellent example of cabinetmaking, representing a specialized category that is little understood and often described as a salesman's sample. Such a classification is dubious, especially as numerous examples have been found in the early populated areas of Ontario. Indeed I have examined a number of these and the majority are similar in concept to that illustrated here. These chests of drawers are extremely sturdy, decorative and useful and the techniques used in construction are identical to those used to manufacture the usually encountered full-sized chests of drawers. Of course I do not include the vast number of poorly constructed miniature chests made from flimsy pine and held together by modern wire (round) nails.

Can this item be attributed to Canada? Yes. Indeed a very similar example is to be seen in illustration No. 31, *The Canadian Collector* [Gerald Stevens, The Ryerson Press, Toronto 1957]. The latter chest lacks the backboard but is otherwise identical.

You question the woods used. The decorative light-colored woods used for the façade are the extremely attractive figured maples native to Canada. The darker woods could be native black walnut or black cherry. Also Canadian cabinetmakers *did* import foreign woods. The design shows an Empire influence popular in Canada circa 1815-1840. The sunken panels used on the sides and the overhanging top drawer are very much "of the period."



Axe — not tomahawk

MR. J. V., PEACE RIVER, ALTA.

I believe your hand axe was manufactured in the early 18th century because of the slight flare given the forward edge of the cutting area or bit. The markings are not known to me and are not illustrated in several works I have consulted. As you may note, I classify this as a hand axe, not a tomahawk. The tomahawk was inspired by the early axes brought to North America by Europeans. Indeed the tomahawk form of axe continues in use in many countries. As applies to all categories of collectors' items, a specific statement relative to a specific form must in many instances be qualified. Nevertheless, the tomahawk form usually encountered by Canadian collectors and archaeologists is an axe designed with little or no flare to the forward edge of the bit. It appears that the metamorphosis of the 17th-century hand axe from cutting tool to fighting weapon can be credited to North America. Most of the surviving tomahawks are stamped with circular depressions in which are raised geometric forms resembling crosses, etc.

Gerald Stevens invites queries on Canadiana and similar antiques. Each letter must be accompanied by a clear photograph and all available data. We cannot undertake to return photographs. Address letters to Canadiana, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. Correspondents should enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope if personal reply is desired.

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PIERRE BOURGAULT *continued*

"The problem is you don't know who you are after a while"

the miles of railroad in Ontario (10,000 vs. 5,000 in Quebec) and to plod through such books as *Accident Growth And Planning*. He learned to curb his legendary wrath, to delegate details, to work on a team — even, says a friend, to admit he could be wrong.

Yet occasionally the black moods still come over him. "Something will happen, maybe some minor personal clash, and he'll close himself in for three days like an leech," says Therese Desrosiers, in whose basement Bourgault lived for two years. "You'll talk to him and he'll answer yes or no as if he had hiccups." Yet even at his blackest these moods never show in his public appearances.

The difference between the private Bourgault — wild, introspective, fun-loving, doubting — and the public Bourgault — dynamic, articulate, defiant — yawns wider all the time. The gap troubles him, and for balance he turns to a small closed group from early RIN days. "My fantastic friends who know me to the roots. They laugh at me, they're brutal, they're the most important thing in my life." Yet Jean Decarie's wife Marie-Josée admits: "The Pierre who jokes with us, who lets himself go — that's not the real Pierre any more. For him the political side has become more and more his second nature, his whole life."

"The image takes over"

How much of the political Pierre is image and how much real? Not even Bourgault is sure any more. "The problem is you don't know who you are after a while. The image takes over. Sometimes it's hard when you see yourself alone and naked in your bed and try to remember what am I — nothing." In one speech he pointed to the blown-up photograph behind him: "Look, the image is bigger than the man."

The fact remains that in this image-conscious age the one Bourgault hammered out for himself is possibly revolutionary for Canada but market-tested elsewhere. "He became a sort of cool type," says Laval University's *Le Carabin*, comparing him to France's Lecanuet and the late John Kennedy. The image was polished on the television tube, which projects him more handsomely and forcefully than his own flesh. Although he had never heard of Toronto's pop media wizard Marshall McLuhan, he authenticated McLuhan's theories on the cool medium: "You can't make a *speech* on TV — and the old politicians don't understand that yet." Then how does Bourgault? He shrugs. "Instinct and reason. You feel these things first, then figure them out." Concedes one Montrealer: "It's quite fantastic how he reaches the people."

Bourgault's appeal is especially strong with the under-25-year-olds who make up half of Quebec's population. He is probably the only politician in the province who actually believes "we've finally gotten a younger generation that's 100 percent better than their elders — and when they're 40 they'll be better yet." He calls the kids so extraordinary, so sane, so much more mature than adults. "I'm always much more challenged with the kids." (The RIN's problem is equally youth-oriented. One flier shows a young man smiling at a long-haired girl: "A good way to start up a conversation — wear your RIN button.")

Part of Bourgault's charisma comes from sheer skill. "Most politicians in Quebec can't even talk in complete sentences," explains one reporter. "But Bourgault learned his métier. He's lucid, effective, precise, honest, direct. We're not used to seeing that here. I have the impression that he forces admiration and sympathy even from people who don't agree with him."

And part comes from a simpler phenomenon: sex. In a country where the idea of a sexy politician has been Pierre Sévigny, Bourgault's dynamism bursts like a star shell. Take it apart and it's nothing to put Steve McQueen out of business: white eyebrows, greying hair (casually askew), pigeon-toed feet, stubby hands stained with nicotine (from four packs a day), chunky build, a face scarred from pimples and hockey skates, muscles tense as bed

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PIERRE BOURGAULT *continued*

"Women call me and say, 'I want to go to bed with you'"

springs But put it back together and you sense an immediate motion an electricity "Watch the women with the big eyes around him" says one pretty friend. "They see him as one they'd like to have an adventure with but not live with But Pierre has no time for either"

The phenomenon still baffles Bourgault who is in private so moral and upright — "really very square" — that he could hardly choke down the wild rice some friends shoplifted from a supermarket one night. "They call me at night and say 'I want to go to bed with you'" He blinks "I've had some very obscene phone calls Others after meetings try to whisper in my ear" At one mass election rally after which *La Presse* likened him to a Beatle ardent admirers tried to tear his clothes off

How does all this strike him? "At the beginning I was so *surprised* so embarrassed I blushed It's something I never thought about and don't know how to play on But you get used to it" He's also gotten used to "finding pictures of myself in bedrooms all over Quebec — murals next to the Beatles and the Rolling Stones In some rallies all kinds of pictures of me were stolen It's awful you know"

Bourgault is always open to new insights on the total image He got one a few months ago when Radio Canada telecast a documentary on him "On that show I was very lovable very human talking about my mother and father It had a tremendous impact on people Everybody loved that thing except the RIN members Then someone told me 'They're looking not for a cause to convince them but for someone to love'" Now his cool analytical mind has programmed that nugget of insight into his total attack "But the people must also feel that you love them back" For this loner man too obsessed with the possibilities of power to let himself be bruised by personal intimacy this remote electronic love may be the only kind he really feels — or needs

Bourgault seems to be winning the image game His face is one of the most widely recognized in Quebec On his rare nights off in a discothèque at a party even at the movies, people "jump on him to talk politics" Bourgault shudders "I *hate* that I thought I would like it and now when it happens I hate it One great pleasure used to be walking alone down Montreal's lively St Catherine Street The last time I did it on a beautiful night I was stopped 10 times so that's finished too"

Increasingly he is driven to the solitude of his own apartment a $190 a month sanctuary which he acquired last fall in a towering new Pine Street building with indoor swimming pool nine-foot Venus de Milo in the lobby and a million-dollar view of glittering new Montreal Typically Bourgault lives on the ground floor overlooking a lusty red brick Victorian mansion Half his rent is paid by a well heeled RIN friend half by his own $100-a week salary From antique chairs to a 40-piece art collection much of the apartment is furnished with gifts from separatist admirers "I'm very spoiled by the members" beams Bourgault who apparently has "all my women" out looking for a 90 inch blue tablecloth (With no time to sand down his French-Canadian pine antiques he hides them under tablecloths or paints them bright yellow) "An apartment like this to me is something precious a meditation Now I never go out I come here swim in the pool look at silly shows on TV My life is so serious that I only want to watch *Batman*"

In fact he has rarely home for *Batman* Seventy percent of the time he's in the boondocks of Quebec, sleeping in a kid's bedroom or on the living room couch of a local member — "very embarrassing but we have no money to pay for hotels." His "two-week" vacations usually last only four days He likes to claim that when he gets really exhausted he takes two days off to "do nothing but sleep and make love and wash my windows." His friends worry over the fact that he actually lives "a little like a priest a monk" — austere dedicated fairly celibate "But I love to be alone!" Bourgault exclaims "I hate to think that people pity me I live exactly the way I want which is fantastic at 33 I wanted to be a terrible bum or a terrible saint — now I'm both at the same time"

Yet he denies he is a True Believer "I believe in what I do but there's always a fundamental doubt I believe in independence enough to do this very honestly but I don't *know* independence is good" Yet he has learned "In public you have to look firm even when you're not This is part of the métier and for me it was very difficult to acquire"

He has acquired it well enough to admit to what others have seen in him occasional traces of the demagogue He boasts of having "not one flatterer around me" but friends confirm that the criticism is considerably louder behind his back than to his face "They're all afraid of that temper" Even some within the RIN like Bernard Desrosiers, see dangerous possibilities in that direction "The French Canadians are always waiting for a savior for a Messiah it's part of the mentality the clergy imposed on a people The idea could spring up around Pierre that he's the savior of the race — and at that time it would be very easy for him to become a dictator" Desrosiers points out that Bourgault is now "preparing to take the head of a government in the democratic way by the popular vote of the majority Yet he's lighting little fires all over the province and they *could* all burst into a conflagration It's unpredictable But with things moving so fast many unpredictable things could happen now in Quebec"

One image persists from Quebec's 1966 election of the glowing young chief of the RIN taking a 10 minute ovation from a screaming, near record throng of 10 000 people "But first" Pierre Bourgault points out "you reach them one by one" The way he's doing now ★

LESTER PEARSON *continued from page 11*

"It might be better if we had a guaranteed annual income"

Pearson: I agree that we've pretty well established what I have called the basic foundation of social security From now on we will improve and refine rather than extend For instance we now have provided pensions for all over 65 nobody need starve to death in Canada But it might be better—certainly simpler—if we had some kind of guaranteed annual income for everybody This isn't such a revolutionary change as it may seem because we do have a sort of basic income for nearly everybody now — from pensions or allowances or grants of one kind or another But this idea of a guaranteed annual income will take a lot of careful study Would it take away for example the incentive from people to do more that you have just mentioned? Will it make people sit back and say "I get my $250 from the state why worry?"

Ross: That's not really my question because I don't think anybody believes that welfare really kills initiative But the fact is, we *are* too cautious a country we are not a sufficiently adventurous people; is there anything the government can do to change this?

Pearson: I would like to challenge your statement that we have been too cautious. In the last 100 years we have taken some of the biggest economic and industrial risks that any country ever took We've opened up the northern half of a continent with a few million people We have pushed railways into the wilderness built bridges over great rivers dug cities in the remote north and done other things that wouldn't have been done if we had been too cautious.

Ross: But haven't most of these things been done with American participation even American initiative?

Pearson: Very often but then a lot of the things that were done in the United States in early years were done with British initiative and capital The impression of caution which you mention may be partly due to the fact that we haven't done much in building up a feeling of pride that these things were done by Canadians for Canada We've even been a little worried at times that perhaps we were overreaching ourselves I'd trace this back not so much to ingrained caution and conservatism, but to the fact that for much of this period we were colonial in fact and later colonial in feeling Our march to full independence was slow steady and

continued on page 50

The *next* 100 years in Canada

WHAT will living be like in 2067? What will our houses be like what will we eat what will we wear how many hours will we work?

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Household wastes will be electrically reduced to ash and washed down the drain

Windows will close automatically at the first drop of rain and open again when the sun comes out Heating and cooling will be by wall panels that adjust automatically, rooms may change in color and brightness as outside conditions vary Cleaning and air filtering systems will banish dirt and wipe out dusting scrubbing and vacuuming

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Jean J. Charest,
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"Curative medicine will give way to preventive medicine with mass screening programs being implemented to detect and anticipate illness"

L F Detwiler,
Consultant Administrator, Health Services Centre, University of British Columbia Vancouver

"The cost of health care will be completely prohibitive as a responsibility of the individual and must be considered totally as a public expense"

Ronald J C MacQueen
Hospital Consultant Toronto

"A hundred years from now people all over the world will dress very much alike There will be little difference in attire between people of one country or one culture and another There will be very little difference in attire between the sexes Men will give up their present drab uniform of suit, shirt collar and tie in favor of more colorful and more varied clothing"

Vivian Wilcox,
Fashion Editor of Chatelaine and Style Toronto

"Children won't be raised exclusively by their parents since parents have proved too damaging to most children The state will provide early nursery supervision and probably through the department of education rather than the department of health and welfare will supervise most closely those parents whose attitude reflects personal problems that render them unjust or unseen or antagonistic to their young"

June Callwood,
Freelance Writer

"Dirt will literally be banished from our lives High frequency sound waves will knock it out of clothes, houses and the air itself We will live in whatever climate we choose by simply regulating the temperature indoors and out . . . to our liking"

Doris H Anderson,
Editor, Chatelaine, Toronto

"I would visualize that within 20 years replacement of most major organs except the brain will be possible although not necessarily desirable The dead will provide a supply house of organs and tissue for replacement in the living"

Dr. Jean F. Davey,
Director of Medical Teaching Outpatient Department, Women's College Hospital, Toronto

"There will be more women in senior executive positions in Canada's second century and some in their own businesses But the breakthrough will not be as great in this sphere as in the professions—medicine, dentistry astronomy science politics Basically a woman likes to . . . be responsible for her own work the average woman is not as keen to be an executive . . . I do not think women will ever prove to be ideal bosses in business"

Helen Wood,
Public Relations Officer [illegible] Co. Ltd., Toronto

"Most people will be working only three days a week Entertainment will be a major industry Swimming pools will be the thing Every lakeside city will have extensive marinas but winter entertainment will be a major problem"

Leonard Bertin,
Science Editor, University of Toronto Information Department

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Today's MPs look bad? 75 years ago they THREW things!

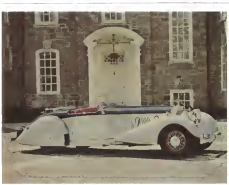
unexciting. We should have had a war of independence with somebody and run up a flag covered with blood. But that's not the way it happened. The other reason is the powerful influence of the United States. As we moved from colonial tutelage we found ourselves faced with American pressures — friendly pressures, but foreign ones subject to American influences. We had less confidence in ourselves as Canadians than we should have had. Now we're getting over this. I think that in the next few years we'll have removed our remaining criticism that we are a too cautious people. Expo is one very good example but there are others: the huge power development projects in British Columbia, Labrador and elsewhere; oil and gas and mining and great resource-development programs. We're moving into all sorts of new areas of activity. There should be no room for any feeling that we're too cautious to do big things.

Ross: When was the last time that you personally took a chance on anything?

Pearson: I have taken quite a chance on some of the proposals I have introduced in the House of Commons! My more cautious colleagues in the party, for instance, said: "If you're going to have a maple leaf flag, be very careful. Take lots of time. Set up an all-Party Committee to look into the proposition. That would take a couple of years. Fool around with their report and then gradually, over the years, there will be agreement on a design. Don't plunge in." Well, I plunged in. I said in the summer that by Christmas we would have a flag. We had one a few weeks after that deadline and I think that in Centennial Year especially this has turned out to be a good thing. I also took a chance in the procedure we followed regarding the Canada Pension Plan. That issue could have broken up our country. If Quebec had gone ahead with a pension plan of its own that bore no relation to the national pension plan I think it would have been very damaging for unity. I took the risk of bringing in a Canada Pension Plan on the assumption that if Quebec insisted on its own plan the two could be reconciled without the federal plan being weakened. That happened, but it was quite a chance. Remember, these things were done by a minority government which could have been thrown out at any time if the opposition parties had united for that purpose. It was a situation which it could be argued was made for the careful avoidance of risks.

Ross: I know you're very conscious of the status and prestige of Parliament. But most people I know seem to think of it as almost a joke.

Pearson: I get impatient with a lot of the criticism of Parliament. Much of it is due to the nature of modern media of communication and their treatment of Parliamentary activities. At Parliamentary sessions, say, 75 years ago, there was much more time-wasting and much worse behavior than now. They even threw things at each other in those days and some of the sessions were very unruly. Our manners are today, by comparison, gentle and courteous. However, lapses didn't matter so much in earlier times for two reasons: first, there wasn't the television news every night or the early edition every morning concentrating on the more exciting and often therefore on the less attractive side of Parliament; second, Parliament now has to do so much more than it ever did before and nearly everything it does affects many more people more directly. A combination of these two factors has made Parliament a less reputable institution in the public mind than it used to be. There is also the legitimate criticism that we are too slow and inefficient in dealing with the matters before us. I agree that we must abandon or change many of our old out-of-date procedures so as to enable us to deal with the increasing amount of important work. Not so very many years ago a major problem of a Prime Minister was to find enough for the House of Commons to do to justify bringing people all the way to Ottawa for two or three months.



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That's not my problem!

Ross: Wouldn't televising the House proceedings facilitate the process of reforming Parliament?

Pearson: It might. I would like to see it begin with parliamentary committees. I would also like to see parliamentary committees be more efficiently organized and given more authority in our parliamentary system. I'd like to see television cameras at some committee hearings.

Ross: Mr. Diefenbaker has finally decided that he is not opposed either, so why doesn't the government get cracking?

Pearson: I would hope that by next autumn we could move the cameras into some of the committees. There is, of course, a good deal of opposition to this departure from tradition.

Ross: We have been talking about communications, and this brings up the great prophet of Toronto, Marshall McLuhan. Have you been reading him lately?

Pearson: Yes, but even more, what others are writing about him. Some of his ideas I don't understand. But I understand enough to know that he is right in his basic approach that new communications have produced the greatest revolution of our time. We've got to be both wise and imaginative in adapting our institutions to these changes. Parliament is a very good example. We are making some progress in changing parliamentary methods but there are still people who say, "Well, this is the way they did it in Cromwell's time or at Magna Carta, so be awfully careful. The old traditions mustn't be interfered with."

Ross: One of the fundamental McLuhan propositions is that youth — young people — have become almost a new nationality. Do you believe that young people now are fundamentally different from you and me?

Pearson: Very different, so different from what my generation was when we were at high school that they could be another race! Today's young people feel that the last two generations have shown themselves to be infantile in their approach to international questions. They also know that the position has now been reached when mistakes could destroy life on this planet. I talk to young people — I try to see as many as I can. They're worked up, they're excited, they're determined to avoid the mistakes of their elders. But they have a sense of responsibility too, with the exception of an "off beat" minority who seem to get all the publicity. I have great hope in young people. Theirs is a very different generation than mine was. And so it should be.

Ross: But is it better? I saw a picture of you with all your grandchildren gathered around you and you are really in a minority because the fact is in this country family life dying in the house you were born in, anything like this is almost completely unknown now. I think your generation had it better.

Pearson: It's not easy to have a cohesive, closely knit, old-fashioned family life which really is the basis of national health and strength in a flat in Habitat 67 where we're staying at the moment. I was brought up in big old red brick houses with lawns and trees and playing space. Home was the centre of our life, the centre of our growth and most of our activity. It's pretty hard in urban life today to create that kind of environment.

Ross: Don't you think you had it better? That the whole business of living was easier?

Pearson: Of course I had it better, though my mother didn't — with all the hard work she had to do — without mechanical help, gadgets or packaged meals. But, for better or for worse, we can't return to that kind of environment.

Ross: Now I want to ask you about Vietnam. You're on record, of course, as approving the aims of the American presence there, but disapproving of this escalatory process that President Johnson seems to have embarked upon. Why do you approve of the aims?

Pearson: I thought the Americans were entitled at the beginning to respond to the request of the South Vietnam Government for help to defend themselves against armed subversive action fomented and organized from the North.

Ross: Here is a faintly analogous situation: suppose Quebec were a separate state and we in English-speaking Canada were trying to unite it with the rest of Canada by force. Suppose the Americans disapproved and started bombing Ottawa. Who

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"Americans are the least imperialistic people in history"

In this situation, is the aggressor?

Pearson: I don't think it is analogous. This is not going to happen, of course, but let's say for the sake of argument that Quebec or any other Province has established by the will of its people an independent state. We would accept that fact however reluctantly. But that did not happen in Vietnam. The North never did form a separate state by the will of its people. And it tried to prevent South Vietnam from working out its own arrangements. I'm not arguing that American tactics and policies since that time have always been wise or right. But the initial purposes of their intervention seemed to me to be justifiable and not imperialistic. Indeed I think that in many ways the Americans are the least imperialistic people in history. They don't want to spread around the world as the British did carrying the white man's burdens and benefits. They want to stay home, drink Coca Cola and go to baseball games. I have never met an American abroad who didn't want to come home. But the Americans can't get out of Vietnam now or so they think. I have ventured some advice to them on that score.

Ross: This policy of yours of giving advice quietly and not taking clear-cut public positions has not produced very much result. Are we reaching the point where perhaps a public gesture, a public break of some kind, is going to be required?

Pearson: If I thought a public statement or a public gesture by me or Mr Martin would help to bring about an end to the fighting I wouldn't hesitate to make it. But I would want to be pretty sure that it would really help, because the consequences of a public statement of that kind might be a public break with the administration in Washington.

Ross: But what good results has consultation achieved so far? The war keeps escalating.

Pearson: Well it hasn't yet escalated to the point where they have destroyed North Vietnam. The Americans have been perhaps more careful than any great power in history to avoid the full use of power in war against an enemy. They have bombed the North but they have tried to bomb military targets. They have killed civilians in the process, but that happens in any kind of bombing however tragic it may be. Haiphong Harbor, for instance, could have been put out of action in the last year or two but they haven't done that. They haven't dropped saturation bombs on Hanoi City. They haven't destroyed the country. I wonder what would have happened if a despotic or totalitarian government with overwhelming power had been faced with this kind of military involvement. They would likely have destroyed North Vietnam completely. It would have been a desert by now. The Americans, unfortunately for them, have received no credit for any restraint they may have shown. They have really got themselves into a messy and a tragic situation. We are the neighbors and the friends of the U.S.A. and our relations are closer than those between any two free countries in the world. This is not the overriding consideration in determining our own policy of course, but we can't ignore the fact that a first result of any open breach with the United States over Vietnam which their Government considered to be unfair and unfriendly on our part would be a more critical examination by Washington of certain special aspects of our relationships from which we as well as they get great benefit.

Ross: This isn't really very different from satellite status, is it?

Pearson: Every small or middle country is in some ways a satellite of some great power now, using that word to indicate dependence. This is the kind of world in which we live. Even the United States is a satellite of world opinion or why would they worry so much about that opinion? It's not a very comforting thought but in the economic sphere when you have 60 percent or so of your trade with one country you are in a position of considerable economic dependence.

Ross: Mr Pearson, during the little

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"There are 150 interpretations of love—and I like them all"

Rock integration crisis, Max Ascoli of the *Reporter* magazine wrote a very famous editorial. He said that if President Eisenhower would go down to Little Rock and take one negro child by the hand and lead him into school, the crisis would melt away. Now what would be the political effect if you were to make a similarly dramatic gesture? What would happen if you, as a private citizen and at your own expense, flew home one burned Vietnamese child to a Canadian hospital?

Pearson: I've never thought of any such action in these dramatic terms. Some people would just say I was being an exhibitionist, others would say I was doing it for political reasons but that wouldn't worry me if it would accomplish anything worthwhile.

Ross: We have an air force, why not fly a thousand of them home?

Pearson: It's an interesting idea. We've been trying to establish a hospital in Vietnam and take care of some children there, but we're having some difficulty because of certain conditions that the South Vietnam authorities want accepted before we do it. A Canadian doctor connected with the project has been giving us the devil because we haven't been rough enough with Saigon.

Ross: I'm going to fire a few words at you now, Mr Pearson, and ask for your instantaneous reaction. Okay? Diefenbaker.

Pearson: He's the outstanding parliamentary figure in our time.

Ross: Hypocrisy.

Pearson: It's not exclusively found in politics.

Ross: Sweden.

Pearson: It's the kind of country that all other countries say they would wish to be like. Many Swedes would wish to be like Canada, no doubt.

Ross: Sévigny.

Pearson: He's a very charming and courageous man. I have nothing to say about his involvement in the affair of [long pause] — what's her name? Don't tell me I've forgotten her name! That shows how things change!

Ross: The press.

Pearson: I am more worried now about the press losing its sense of responsibility than its freedom. The press, much reduced in numbers, has greater power and therefore has a greater responsibility than it ever had before.

Ross: Love.

Pearson: There are 150 interpretations of it and I'm in favor of them all, well, nearly all.

Ross: Somebody asked Dalton Camp a couple of weeks ago, "Why is it that politicians never talk about love?"

Pearson: In my second year at college I had to write an essay on the subject "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." I was 17, so you can appreciate my experience in this field. But I got a prize for that essay so I have since always considered myself an authority on love. But not so much of an authority that I dare answer your question.

Ross: Has love, whatever that means, played any large role in your life?

Pearson: A very large role. I was brought up in a household where love was the guiding light. We were very close to each other. Things of the heart meant a lot in our family life. The mind did too, but the heart meant more. It was a religious household, without being stuffy and sanctimonious. We were taught as children to appreciate the love of the good and to have a deep respect for enduring values, love of God. Home life in that environment of love played a large part in forming my character, whatever it may be.

Ross: Has Mrs Pearson been a great help?

Pearson: More than I can ever say. We've had a good many years together now. It's been the kind of life together that makes it impossible for me to consider doing things separately from her. She is more shy and withdrawn than I am. I'm outgoing, easier with people perhaps. She is very frank and straightforward and I can always be absolutely certain that her reaction to anything I do or say will be 100 percent honest.

Ross: I gather that Mrs Pearson would prefer not to be quite so much

in the public eye all the time.

Pearson: Oh, she certainly would! We've just been talking about our visit to Expo, how we can't wander around and see things because people recognize us and naturally crowd around and take pictures, get autographs. She can put on dark glasses and mingle with the crowd and have a good time as a private citizen, but I can't in the same way. Not that I don't appreciate the friendly attention I get. My wife will be happy when we get back to private life though she has a great interest in public affairs and has played her full part in my public career. And her part is in many ways harder than mine. For instance it isn't too difficult for me to get on a platform and make a political speech. It is far harder for her to sit and listen to it.

Ross: Has there ever been a time in your life, Mr Pearson, when you felt really confused about the direction of your own life?

Pearson: I think the most confusing period was when I came back from World War I. I'd spent my 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st birthdays in uniform. This is a big slice out of one's life. I had gone through a period from which it wasn't easy to recover. I didn't know what to do so I went over to Chicago and got a job in the stock yards. This wasn't as "Horatio Algerish" as it may seem because I had an uncle who was very high up in the firm and became President of Armour & Company. I could have gone ahead in that business, I suppose, and made money, but the prospect became less and less attractive. So I had to decide whether to remain in business there or chuck it. I chucked it and came back to Canada.

Ross: How is your health these days, Sir?

Pearson: Oh, my health is fine. My health seems too good. I get quite annoyed when I feel tired, as I often do, and never get any sympathy because I look so well!

Ross: Who picks your clothes?

Pearson: My wife. She buys everything for me. She also looks after all housekeeping details, all our finances, all our family arrangements, all the payments we have to make, taxes we have to pay. She's the business manager of this outfit, and has been from the very beginning, and she's a very good one. She has taken a heavy burden off my shoulders.

Ross: Why have you stopped wearing bow ties?

Pearson: I got a little sick of being called a bow-tie boy. I used to wear them because I liked them but they became a kind of political symbol and I became tired of that. I still like to wear them but now I wear the other kind as well so I won't be exclusively identified with the bow tie. Maybe I should have picked on a pipe or something more manly as a trade mark!

Ross: Who's the greatest man you ever met?

Pearson: If you mean the man — leaving my father out — who made the greatest impression on me personally, it would be Mr Dowriet, a teacher in my public school in Peterborough when I was a boy. He died only last year in his 95th year. He was a genius as a teacher and made a lasting impression on me, taught me how important it was to work and study and use your mind. I had the same kind of inspired teacher at high school in Hamilton, Mike McCarran. In the record of history these are obscure men, but they meant more to me than practically any of the great of the world that I have met since, many of whom I have found to be not really so truly great as their public relations officers make them out to be. Far and away the most dynamic and compelling person — great in the sense of his impact on the history of his times and on all the men he met — was Winston Churchill. Dag Hammarskjold was a great human being in terms of intelligence and insight and moral quality. I got to know him pretty well.

Ross: Can you recall doing anything that you're now ashamed of?

Pearson: Considering that I've lived 70 years, I have a remarkable immunity from guilt. But I certainly have done some things I later regretted. I cheated in a geography class once when I was in Grade 6 or 7 I think and I've never forgotten it. The teacher asked the class about Canada's imports from Denmark. I had the school book open on my desk and it had the answer. I looked down, put up my hand and gave a perfect answer. He said "Are you sure you are not reading that?" I said No, and I've felt guilty ever since.

Ross: Just two more questions. They say it's lonely at the top. Do you find it lonely?

Pearson: I've been lonely at times, especially when certain decisions have to be made — and by me — and when I can't really consult anyone. I don't feel lonely in the sense that I am aloof or that I don't like being with people. A columnist in Vancouver referred to me the other day as "the lonely extrovert" — maybe that's it. But what really counts is a wonderful family, including 10 grandchildren and a lot of friends.

Ross: One final question, Mr Pearson. What do you most want to be remembered for?

Pearson: I would like to be remembered as the head of a Government which — without a majority in the House of Commons — gave Canada a national flag and which got through Parliament a great deal of legislation for the good of the Canadian people, including a National Pension Plan. I would like to be remembered as one who tried hard to keep his country united at a time when there were great pressures and strains on that unity. I would like to be remembered for the part I played in transforming Canada's foreign policy from isolation and non commitment in the thirties to the acceptance of our full share of international responsibility in the postwar years for the maintenance and strengthening of peace and security in the world ★

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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN MEDICINE

BY EARL DAMUDE

After The Bomb: fallout won't cause sterility

AFTER ALL we've read in recent years about the threat of nuclear fallout, one of North America's leading radiologists has come out with a startling statement. He has declared that radioactive fallout will not cause birth defects or permanent sterility. Dr Milton Friedman, president of the American Radium Society, says the gloomy predictions of Nobel Prize winner Linus Pauling and philosopher Bertrand Russell are not borne out by the facts. He bases his conclusions on his clinical experience and not on theoretical considerations. He exposed 60 servicemen to high radiation doses for cancer of the testicles. These doses were much higher than the population would be subjected to in radioactive fallout. All of the men were sterile after the radiation treatment, but on follow-up he found all the men had married and none of them was sterile. Of the 35 children fathered by these men, not one shows any genetic abnormality.

Another study involved 800 sterile women who received radiation treatment for ovary stimulation. The dose was small but still higher than the so-called threat of fallout. On follow-up, 600 of the women became fertile and produced some 800 normal children, says Dr Friedman.

Heart paces heart pacer

Buried in the tissue at the top of your heart is a vital nerve-control centre which regulates the pulsating and rhythm of your heart. It is from this centre that the electrical impulses are fired along a system of nerve fibres into the heart muscles and galvanize your heart into steady beating.

When the nerve-fibre system running from the control centre to the heart becomes damaged or diseased, your heart often gets permanently out of rhythm. If there was no way of getting the heart back into its proper rhythm it would quickly stop. As you've probably read in *Maclean's* and elsewhere, patients with irregular heart rhythms can now wear an artificial pacer, a battery-powered device about the size of a pocket watch, which is placed under the patient's skin. Electrodes are attached to the heart muscles and the pacer fires the charges that stimulate the heart and keep it going regularly. But these pacers, although they have saved many lives, have one serious drawback. Their timing mechanism permits them to "pace" the heart at just one pulse rate. And as everybody knows, our heartbeat varies greatly during the day.

A professor of anatomy at Queen's University, Kingston, has reasoned that since it is rare for the nerve control centre of the heart to be damaged, why not use it to regulate the pacer? Dr J V Basmajian has found he can harness the faint electrical signals coming from the nerve control centre, amplify them and by means of fine wires carry these signals to the artificial pacer. This means that the natural control centre of the heart will again be regulating the impulses sent from the artificial pacer into the heart. And it also means that the pacer will be able to vary the heartbeat based on exercise, emotion and other factors.

So far Professor Basmajian has only hooked up the nerve control centres of rabbits' hearts, but since it works well in these experiments there is no reason to believe it will not eventually work for humans.

New skin — from a test tube

Artificial skin so lifelike it is difficult to distinguish from your own skin has been developed by the U S Army research laboratories in Washington. Prosthetic skin is often used in facial reconstruction operations where skin grafting cannot be used. What makes this new material different from older types of artificial skin is that it is made up of two layers that give it an illusion of depth. It can be tinted with pigments and painted to resemble the patient's own skin, even including freckles, tiny blood vessels and beauty marks. The new material is made up of a layer of a special plastic which covers a filler of silicone foam rubber. The top layer of "polyderm," as it is called, can be made to give skin texture including pores and wrinkles.

How you can't catch a cold

In spite of all the folklore to the contrary, you can't catch a common cold by being in a draft or getting a chill. Investigators at the National Institute for Allergy and Infectious Diseases at Bethesda, Maryland, have shown it just isn't so, by putting volunteers in cold rooms and cold baths. It sums up this way: no virus, no cold. The researchers also found that people who already had colds didn't get any more infection by being subjected to cold baths.

HOW TO START A BANK *continued from page 20*

"I thought I had $10 million—but suddenly I had nothing"

build the company and his name on the Westbank prospectus helped the underwriters to sell about twice as much stock as they'd expected.

The other reason was Stevens' flair for attracting depositors. His methods, by the standards of conventional banking, were about as orthodox as a psychedelic mass at Vatican City. First of all, he conceived the heretical notion of locating his branches where people found them handiest: right inside supermarkets. Secondly, he compounded his sins against orthodoxy by keeping them open at the most convenient times — until 5 p.m. on most days, until 8 p.m. on shopping nights, and all day Saturday. Finally, and most horrendous of all, he caused York Trust to behave as though it actually *wanted* to do business with people. New depositors were offered account-opening premiums that ranged from a chance at a free holiday to pink blankets. The drum-beating approach succeeded wondrously: before the trouble started, York Trust's 19 Toronto branches had pulled in $50 million in deposits and guaranteed investment certificates and were growing at a rate roughly four times the average for trust companies — and at *ten* times the rate of the chartered banks.

But trouble was coming, and it snuck up on Stevens with little warning.

On June 17, 1965, in London during a European holiday, Stevens got an excited phone call from BIF's executive vice-president Phil MacDonald. "Sine," he said, "Atlantic's gone under. I wanted you to know."

Stevens knew what that meant. Atlantic Acceptance, another one-man finance group that had shown phenomenal growth in the 1960s, had suddenly defaulted on its debts. Everyone in the know — including certain lethargic officials of the Ontario government — had been hearing for months that Something Fishy was going on at Atlantic. But the extent of the fishiness — which is still being investigated by a royal commission — was truly staggering. Simply stated, Atlantic had borrowed tens of millions of dollars from some of the most revered and cautious financial institutions in North America and now $50 million or so seemed to have vanished. Stevens knew that the banks were likely to scrutinize other loans very carefully. The easy money binge was over.

He cut short his holiday and returned to Toronto. One of the first people he saw — the date was June 25 — was G. J. Fouchie, general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia. The conversation in Fouchie's King Street office was brief, cordial and stunning: the bank wished to trim BIF's line of credit and wanted its loans repaid as soon as possible. "He couldn't have hit me harder," Stevens says. "I thought we had $10 million worth of leeway — but when I walked out of there I had nothing."

That's Stevens' version — "They pulled the rug out from under me." The Bank of Nova Scotia, unsurprisingly, sees it very differently. "We bailed that man out," says one BNS official, "when he was in very deep. We did everything we could to help him."

Stevens badly needed help. York Trust had about $35 million on deposit in the form of short-term corporate funds. Stevens had invested this money in long-term NHA mortgages and government bonds. After the Atlantic collapse York Trust's corporate depositors rapidly began withdrawing their money. Meanwhile, interest rates were soaring to the highest level in 40 years. Stevens, as a result, was caught in a classic fiscal squeeze: the people he'd borrowed money *from* wanted it back immediately; the people he'd loaned it *to* didn't have to repay it for years.

With interest rates at record levels, selling out his NHA mortgages would have meant taking a whipping loss. The only alternative was to borrow more money in the hopes of staying one jump ahead of the credit squeeze until interest rates came down again. For Stevens, borrowing money was the equivalent of borrowing time.

Within a week of that June 25 meeting, he and Coyne had worked

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HOW TO START A BANK *continued*

An attaché case full of money—and only a minute to spare

out a new deal with BNS that gave them cash but at much greater cost. Stevens says the bank agreed to buy $10 million worth of NHA mortgages from BIF at a price that would yield seven percent. If BIF chose to buy them back (which it did later that year) they'd have to pay a price that would yield the bank eight percent.

BNS officials regard the deal as an almost magnanimous attempt to bail out a colleague but Stevens today regards it as extortionate. He estimates the BNS deal cost him $200,000 more than the going rate for short-term money.

Stevens is also embittered at his alleged treatment by the Toronto-Dominion Bank. He says it refrained from extending further credit and, Stevens says, even bounced York Trust cheques on several occasions. "That was when we had $250,000 on deposit with Toronto-Dominion," he says. "It's about the worst thing that can happen to you in the banking business."

He also says Toronto-Dominion gave him exactly 60 minutes to pay off a well-secured $32,000 personal loan. Stevens and his wife arrived one minute before the deadline carrying their money in a black attaché case.

As the crisis deepened, Stevens' relations with the banks—which were never chummy — deteriorated to the point where the banking Establishment regarded him with a feeling not far from actual physical loathing. It wasn't so much that he'd challenged the fiscal Establishment, or even that he'd got into deep trouble in the process. Mostly it was because Stevens, then as now, simply will not keep his mouth shut.

In public statements, he continually attacked the more entrenched aspects of the system. He complained in parliament of his treatment by the banks and even—this is unforgivable—suggested that if parliament retained the six percent interest ceiling on loans, the banks could still make money.

The Great BIF Liquidity Crisis continued for 20 months, with Stevens scuttling around from bank to bank—in Detroit, in Texas, in New York as well as in Canada—desperately attempting to relieve his group's chronic cash shortage. Partly through Coyne's intercession in Ottawa, Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation agreed to extend York Trust a handsome line of credit on the security of the group's NHA mortgages. At one point York Trust owed CMHC about $23 million—money that Stevens was always reluctant to borrow, since it cost him eight percent. Instead he preferred to appeal to the public for the money that the banks refused. York Trust launched a frantic and expensive branch-opening campaign in the fall of 1965. When their competitors offered six percent, York Trust raised the bidding to 6¼ percent and threw in a free gift besides. York Trust took in $6 million that autumn and another $2 million in January.

Stevens stayed outwardly cool during the crisis. But James Coyne, his most visible associate, did not. As John Diefenbaker had learned in 1961, Coyne is a prickly, unpredictable, highly emotional man who's always seemed anxious to convey that he's somehow more *pure* than anybody else. In Ottawa one of his nicknames was Jesus Christ.

As the credit squeeze tightened, Coyne grew increasingly remote from the problems that beset Stevens in Toronto and concentrated on his role as president of Westbank. "I got the impression," says one person close to the BIF group, "that he wanted to wash his hands of the whole BIF mess and retire to run his own little bank in Winnipeg."

The impression was largely accurate. Coyne believed that if Westbank were to become the independent regional institution that he'd promised parliament, it couldn't accept the domination of any single financial group—even if that group happened to own a majority of the voting shares. As he once told Stevens, "BIF is just another shareholder as far as I'm concerned."

Stevens found this view deeply unsatisfactory—and became less and less enchanted with the man who espoused it. He got angry when Coyne invested seven million dollars worth of Westbank funds with what Stevens deemed to be insufficient authorization. He got annoyed by the amount of time Coyne seemed to be spending at his summer cottage at Lake-of-the-Woods. And he got disgusted when Coyne asked that the group buy back his personal holdings in BIF group shares for what he'd paid for them. "He wanted us to buy him out at cost," Stevens says bitterly, "but he couldn't have cared less about the other shareholders."

It was plain that an open split was coming. When it did it came with explosive force. On February 1, Coyne was in Toronto for directors' meetings of BIF and York Lambton Corporation Ltd, the BIF holding company that controls York Trust. Stevens arrived at the meeting elated. After 20 months of fund grubbing, he'd finally hit pay-dirt. The New Jersey-based Meadow Brook Bank was willing to give BIF a $2.5 million line of credit.

W. J. Mindlin, BIF's man in New York, attended the meeting to give details. Coyne, chairing the meeting, sat at one end of the long table in BIF's cramped third-floor boardroom. Stevens, sitting beside him, was elated. But as Mindlin told of the negotiations with Meadow Brook, Coyne grew more and more agitated. According to several people who were there, his hands trembled and his face turned pale. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, shouting at the top of his voice. "You've sold us out to the Yankees," he said. "Do you know what you've done?" he shouted, pointing his finger at Mindlin. "You've *ruined* the name of a Canadian financial institution!" Then Coyne rushed from the room. At least two witnesses say he was in tears. (Coyne denies it. "I've been in tears on several occasions," he says, "but that wasn't one of them.")

Back in Winnipeg two days later Coyne brought the fight into the open. In a press release he announced his resignation as chairman of BIF and York Lambton and charged that Stevens had (a) tried to sell Westbank to the Americans, (b) tried to borrow money from Westbank for BIF and (c) had failed to pay $1.45 million of the $6.5 million which BIF had subscribed for Westbank shares.

The public results are well known. Both men went to Ottawa to appear before the parliamentary finance committee, which quickly decided that the dispute was an internal personality clash that had nothing to do with parliament. Westbank's regional-minded board of directors, at a meeting a week later, supported Coyne's stand and turfed out Stevens as chairman.

That's when Stevens' closest associates started forcing him out. Late last January John Deacon, one of BIF's chief underwriters and chairman of the Toronto Stock Exchange, had proposed that Stevens turn over his controlling shares in a voting trust — thus dissociating him from management and, presumably, removing the stigma of untouchability that had dogged BIF since the previous year. Within a few weeks the voting trust had assumed ritualistic importance: if only Stevens would sign over his shares, the crisis would be over. Stevens resisted the idea for weeks and, he says, "the pressure was fantastic." But he finally signed. And when he did, he says, "They jumped on it just like a bunch of starving dogs." (The four trustees, naturally, have a different story, but they won't discuss it in public.)

Now that he was shut out of management, Stevens started looking for a buyer for BIF — a buyer who could close the deal in a hurry. He was working against a deadline: York Lambton Corp owed Westbank $1.45 million in funds it had promised to pay for the bank's shares. Some analysts say that if the subscription hadn't been met, BIF would have collapsed. Stevens takes a less urgent view: the worst that could have happened, he says, is that he would have been forced to wind up the bank.

He found his buyer in Marc Masson Bienvenu, a 35-year-old Montreal financier whose great-grandfather was the first French-Canadian millionaire. "My family was in banking for four generations," Bienvenu likes to tell people—and the message is fairly clear that Stevens' family wasn't.

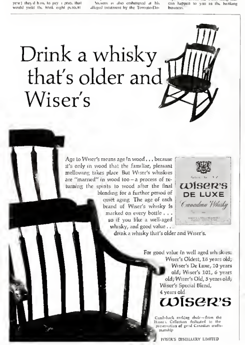
Bienvenu is an aristocrat. He has the seigneurial air of a man twice his age and with twice his money. He also has a lordly disdain for minor conventions. He shaves his scalp along with his chin every morning, reasoning that being utterly bald eliminates the necessity of patronizing barbers. He happens to like potato soup and ginger ale for breakfast and, on trips out of town, raises hell with room service if they won't deliver it. He also happens to like squirrels. They hang around the bedroom of his manoir in Dorval—dozens of them, waiting for handouts. Bienvenu distributes peanuts to these squirrels as though he were handing out foreign aid. He goes through a 200-pound sack of peanuts every month, which works out to more than a ton of peanuts every year.

Today Bienvenu runs an investment company called La Corporation Foncière de Montréal and works closely with three other St. James Street whiz kids — Aubert Brillant, [illegible] Simard and Jacques Melançon. They are not formally partners, but something much fonder: they're like brothers. They've been known to lend each other $250,000 or so, no questions asked, as casually as you'd lend a buddy five dollars until payday. Their companies control Quebecair, dozens of factories and apartment buildings, four square miles of Laurentian real estate (including a lake named after Bienvenu's great-grandfather), two art galleries, the huge Simard-Beaudry construction complex, and a lot more.

Stevens heard about Bienvenu through a Montreal associate named Lorne Webster. On Sunday, March 5 — only 12 days before he had to pay Westbank $1.45 million that he didn't have, Stevens phoned him — he caught him at lunch in the Filles du Roy restaurant in Old Montreal. They met that same night in New York's St. Regis Hotel (Bienvenu had appointments in New York on Monday morning) and quickly agreed to work toward a deal. The following day a lawyer and two of Bienvenu's accountants started going over BIF's books in Toronto. Stevens hid them in the library of his law office, one floor above the floor BIF occupies at 48 Yonge Street.

On Wednesday, Stevens heard that Sam Berger, a Calgary businessman, was interested in buying into the group, but it didn't look like a serious nibble. Bienvenu was then keeping further appointments in Paris. And so Stevens, Phil MacDonald and a third BIF executive named Donald Tigert flew there that same night.

The three days of bargaining that followed was a contest in endurance



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What next for Sinc Stevens? He'd like to start another bank

They all stayed at the Bristol Hotel on the Rue St Honore, and seldom got more than four hours' sleep a night. Bienvenu would keep other appointments during the day. In the evenings the BIF haggling would begin and adjourn only when Bienvenu — who was on the losing end of the time difference — couldn't stay awake any longer. "I was in Paris ten days," says Bienvenu, "and I only ate outside my hotel room three times."

By Sunday they were close to a deal. The Stevens group went to the races in the Bois de Boulogne, and that afternoon Bienvenu received word that the financing he needed had finally come through. To this day he hasn't revealed who his secret backers are — he says there are nine — but speculation has ranged from the Bronfman family to the Vatican.

Then Stevens, Tigert and Bienvenu's lawyer flew back to Toronto to work out the details. MacDonald followed Bienvenu to his house in Bermuda and spent several days lounging on the beach, standing by to act as an on-the-spot expert in case hitches developed. In Toronto, the lawyers moved in. Twelve of them worked until 5 a.m. Wednesday morning on details of the sale — and went at it again the following night. At five a.m. on Friday, March 17, just a few hours before the Westbank deadline, the deal was completed. Stevens went home for an hour's sleep, then caught a plane for the Westbank meeting in Winnipeg. He had the $1.45 million — a lawyer had flown to Winnipeg with the cheque the previous day — but he no longer owned British International Finance. "It's kind of a pity," says one of his associates. "He spent ten years building a machine that no one's ever seen in this country before and then he dribbled it all away."

What went wrong? Stevens grew too fast. Expansion became a goal in itself. "He kept telling us about his $130 million group," says Bienvenu, "and it didn't seem to bother him that it was losing millions." Also he tangled with James Coyne, the White Knight of Winnipeg. Both Bienvenu and John Diefenbaker have learned that this can be a dangerous occupation.

But Stevens' real error was to sin against orthodoxy. He challenged not only the methods but the *ethic* of the existing banking Establishment. By promoting trust branches like supermarkets, he demonstrated that the principles of competition still apply to banking — a proposition that the eight big chartered banks have not always been quick to embrace. (Now, with the new bank act revisions in effect, they're embracing it with a vengeance.)

Stevens acknowledges his tactical errors, but he's never been able to grasp the magnitude of his essential heresy, his temerity in challenging the big banks. "I keep asking people, 'What's wrong? Am I crooked? Did I rook anybody?' and they assure me that, no, nobody's saying I'm a crook. So what's wrong? They won't tell me." What Stevens just can't realize is that, if you're in the money business, attacking the big banks is the local equivalent of bad breath.

Perhaps because his best friends won't tell him, Stevens doesn't regard himself as finished. He escaped from the BIF debacle with his personal fortune intact, and now he's planning ways to invest it. He's looking at real estate and he's looking at industrial companies and, of all things, he's hoping to start *another* bank! Bloody but unbowed!

"It's going to be a small merchant bank, and there'll be little public financing. There'll be none of this bloody nonsense about regionalism," he says.

In a way, it's a happy ending. York Trust is a sound concern once again under the management of Alex Craig, who has the confidence of the Ontario government. Government-sponsored deposit insurance, a by-product of the crisis, is in operation—which means the money you deposit in any bank, loan or trust company is safer than it ever was before. And Sinclair Stevens, his innocence as unshaken as ever, is still trying to crack the banking Establishment. The human spirit triumphs! Capitalism lives! ★

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In 25 words or less, write: "My sex life is normal, but . . ."

an exchange of pictures). It takes both heaven and earth to make marriages.

The most interesting marriage brokerage in Canada is the Scientific Introduction Centre, which is headquartered in Toronto with a branch in Ottawa and correspondence services in the west and the Maritimes. The centre doesn't even use a computer—just an old fashioned sorting machine. It's expensive, too. It charges a standard fee of $175 (although lower rates are offered to women under 25) and employs eight qualified social scientists to screen and assess clients who are put through a battery of psychological tests. There are self-exposing sentence completion questions such as "Her loins . . ." and "My sex life is normal but . . .", a sex knowledge test, a personality-inventory test and more tests to reveal interests, marital-role expectations and affinity for marriage. The centre makes no promises but undertakes to provide each client with a minimum of five "introductions" per year. It claims between 80 and 90 marriages in less than three years of operation. Present clients number about 600.

"There have been no separations or divorces that we know of," says Mrs Gertrude Neiger, the centre's shrewd, attractive, Austrian-born executive director. Mrs Neiger met her own husband, a clinical psychologist, through a marriage broker in Europe. She believes that common interests, views and personality patterns are keys to a successful marriage. "It is very easy for two people to become physically attracted," she says ominously. "The best time to consider other factors is *before* they meet."

The people who use the Scientific Introduction Centre tend to be educated professionals, executives, technicians, nurses, secretaries and teachers. They are often somewhat introverted and not overly sociable — at the opposite extreme from the Pink Panthers. Most of them are deeply involved in their work. Typically they prefer outdoor life and cultural pursuits to nightlife.

The hardest clients to satisfy are teachers. "They find it hard to admit the essential need to compromise," says Mrs Neiger. Both male and female teachers have the highest expectations and all kinds of extremely irrelevant specifications and qualifications. The hardest group to attract to the service is the female civil service corps in Ottawa. "Ottawa is supposed to be swamped with women," says Mrs Neiger. "Our Ottawa branch is swamped with men. Ottawa women seem to be conservative, cautious and suspicious. Ottawa men believe in the idea but the women are too embarrassed or afraid. They have the civil-service mentality. Ottawa men like Toronto girls."

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THE SURVEY

In one of mankind's lesser attempts to fathom the sweet mystery of life, Maclean's correspondents in Halifax, Toronto, Calgary and Vancouver distributed unscientifically — well, anyway carefully — worded questionnaires on the meeting game to single women between the ages of 21 and 35. What we found out, or think we found out, is summarized below.

1. A majority of single women would permit presentable strangers to buy them a drink in a lounge — but only if they had a roommate along for protection. There were further qualifications. "If the writer came over and made the approach well, that would be sort of like an introduction," said a Toronto typist.

2. A majority would not permit a presentable stranger to lure them from a bar stop into a nearby coffee shop. Clearly there's still a stigma attached to being picked up, but the whole area is getting pretty fuzzy.

3. A big majority expressed approval of Toronto's burgeoning singles parties even though — how can you get any sense out of a woman! — a smaller majority agreed that they are "cynical and unromantic."

4. Only about five percent of single Canadian women would consider using dating bureaus or marriage brokers under any circumstances. "I like to be able to see what I'm getting," said a Calgary girl. A Vancouver girl said, "Any man who did that would be a real nut — not the kind of nut I want." The scientific method is coming, maybe, but it's still a long way off.

5. Women in Vancouver are the most liberal and aggressive in their attitudes toward the meeting game, followed (in order) by women in Calgary, Toronto and Halifax.

6. Vancouver's main meeting places are Stanley Park, the beaches and high-rise apartments in the West End and Kitsilano. Calgary's sexes mingle at the Mount Royal College cafeteria, the White Spot (an all-night restaurant with dancing), the Night Hawk (a discotheque), the Pointe Inn, a number of swinging downtown pubs and some unspecified apartments. Almost everybody had unkind things to say about Toronto, but often mentioned were the north-central high-rise complexes with swimming pools and lounges (Toronto has some very swinging lounges downtown), Village coffee houses and discotheques and several beverage rooms, most notably the Pigalle Room in the Regency Towers Hotel. Halifax meeting places include two coffee houses, the Living End and the Privateer, beach parties at Hubbard's and dancing at the Shore Club, Dino's Pizza House, nurses' residences and apartments.

7. There is no bar or lounge in Canada where "decent" girls customarily walk in alone and order a drink. The dating bar, a fast growing institution in the U.S., hasn't found a toe-hold here. Canadian girls are about evenly divided in their view of the idea.

8. A question asked: "Where did you meet the last man you went out with?" The most-quoted answers (in order): "At work." "In my apartment building." "At a party." "Through girlfriends." "At a dance" was the second most-quoted answer in Halifax, rarely quoted elsewhere.

9. Apparently the traditional meeting spots — YMCA dances and such, church halls, discussion groups, night-school courses and so on — are an insignificant factor in the meeting game circa 1967. Only a few of the girls mentioned any of them.

10. A question asked: "Does it matter to you where and how you meet the man you marry?" "No," said 90 percent of the girls, "it doesn't matter at all." But Diane Mattman, a Halifax stenographer, thought she would like to meet him on a moonlit empty beach "because it sounds pretty romantic."

continued on page 62

Want to meet a man? Drive a sports car, get engine trouble

GAME TIME

The meeting game, which goes on till marriage and occasionally after, is a game of intangibles in which a good move is often impossible to foresee and irretrievably lost. "I often wonder about the women I've never met who'd really like me if they only knew me," says Bill Henry, 24, of Montreal. A melancholy thought.

It is a good game for opportunists. A girl named Sandy Rookshy of Calgary took a mechanics course at the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology last winter, and (go back three squares) most of the men were over 40 and they were all married. Then she bought a sports car (advance five squares). As she says, "It's a real fraternity. Put the top down, go on a trip and you'll meet all kinds of men, especially if you have car trouble and you get out to look at the motor and you're in your shorts."

Many players are afraid to make a move. A 25-year-old Calgary nurse with three roommates says, "We've lived in this apartment for a year and a half and there is an eligible guy living across the hall. I've only seen him about three times. In apartments people say hello when they pass in the halls, but no one really wants to get involved."

A delicate balance between daring and discretion is often indicated. "A lot of girls don't try to meet men," says Wilson Tipert, 24, a Halifax IBM scanner. "If a girl wants to meet a man she can. If a girl is sitting on a beach and she looks like she wants to be met, I'll go up and speak to her. But if a beautiful girl is on the beach and she doesn't look interested, I'll go by."

You have to play the game for some stakes. A 32-year-old, plumpish but attractive Vancouver secretary says, "Cocktail lounges may be the best place to meet men, but you're beat from the start. The reason is that you have declared yourself. Two girls don't go into a cocktail lounge just for a drink, you know. You go in to meet men, and they know it."

If the winners have anything in common, it is confidence, exuberance and a disregard for fusty rules and conventions. A 27-year-old Calgary statistics clerk says, "It's easy to meet any man you like. You just invite him to a party or start talking to him. I've never been at a loss for male company. You can't sit around and wait. You have to have a little initiative." Another Vancouver secretary says, "A good ploy when you're down on the beach is to ask a fellow to turn up his radio because you say you like the song they are playing. But I guess that's like picking him up in a way, isn't it? What are we girls coming to?" ★

PARADE

Interest

Into a branch library in one of the older sections of Toronto skipped a young girl, a steady customer of the children's-book department, who sought out her favorite librarian and presented her with a lovely bunch of daffodils. The librarian beamed her delight, even while her mind registered the fact that few homes in the neighborhood had flower gardens. Then a light dawned and she asked, "Did you take these from the flower bed beside the bank next door?" The customer nodded eagerly and declared reassuringly, "It's all right, though — I have an account there."

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MAILBAG

A fresh breeze from the Ponderosa

JON RUDDY'S ARTICLE about Lorne Greene is a dandy. A welcome departure from the stereotyped, [illegible] hero-worshipping muck we have come to expect when one of our boys or girls having made it in the Big Time is written up. You have published an article about a Canadian who has made good in Hollywood, and you have done it without once having your subject state or imply that he hates it all, would love to get away from the rat race, and come back to his Own People. A truly splendid accomplishment.
ARTHUR DUFFY, ST. LAMBERT, QUE.

Sneaky

So the students in the classroom marked ENGLISH are talking about premarital sex and mental illness (*Why Good Teachers Don't "Teach" Any More*, by Joan Callwood). That's [illegible]. But when do they learn English? There comes a time when one can no longer be sneaky about such things as English and arithmetic, etc. The greatest mind is useless if it lacks discipline — that is, the ability to work at what has to be done, regardless of inclination. The product of Miss Callwood's ideal classroom would be bright, well balanced and superficial.
H. R. JOHNSTON, MONTREAL

★ Three cheers for Helen Bumphrey! Having taught in the elementary school system myself and being frustrated terribly by the existing curriculum and methods, I admire her courage to come forth and prove that she can, that a classroom should and can be a haven of activity filled with motivated, interested, buzzing children. —MRS. NANCY WITHERS, FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

★ A cheer for Bumphreyism. As a teenager I am at least five times more receptive to my own discoveries than what I learn from amid those seas of wasted time, sidetracks on the part of the teacher, and endless nameless pen-grinding, pointless, soon-forgotten facts.
GORDON SEWELL, CALGARY

Don't monkey with the Monkees

Jack Batten claims that "the Monkees' ultimate style was and is a blurred Xerox of very early Beatles music" (*The Monkees: Man The Last Train From Nowhere*, Reviews). Let the boys themselves answer this: "We're not a Xerox copy of anybody. There is a similarity between any rock 'n' roll groups in that we all sing to the same beat and dress to follow the fashion and hair styles of our time. . . . Who could imitate the Beatles?" Another thing: Batten says Mike's green wool hat was cast in bronze. It wasn't. In fact, Mike hated the hat so much that on the last tour he threw the hat into the audience.
ELIZABETH METCALFE, CALGARY

★ How could you print such a misleading picture of the Monkees? Can't Jack Batten see that we love them and want the music played to us? He complains that they "played shamelessly to the teeny-bopper." What does he expect? They don't just condescend to play *before us*.—CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, WINNIPEG

★ I was weaned into today's pop music by the Beatles but their new sound does nothing for me and apparently does nothing for a lot of others. Because the Monkees' music is, I admit, very much like the early Beatles music, that is why I buy it: no other group has that sound and the Beatles' new music is over my head. The old style, which the Monkees have inherited in their sound, gives some of us teenagers something to feel good and maybe even scream about once again.
MARILYN PRESLEY, BARRIE, ONT.

★ I think the article is totally correct. But unfortunately it will not bring the teeny-boppers to their senses. I am 15 years old and luckily a Beatles fan.
PAMELA STEPHENSON, MONTREAL

★ Jack Batten isn't a true critic, for critics listen and sort the good from the bad in a performance, but he seems to have it stuck in his empty head that the Monkees are awful and nothing can make him see the light. I would [illegible] to see Batten stand[illegible] on a [illegible] put on half as good a perf[illegible] the Monkees do — and be [illegible] made a few hundred thousand [illegible] that he can. Then I would admit his right to run down the Monkees.
SHERRI LONSLEY, CHARLESWOOD, MAN.

Sick, sick, sick?

In a recent Mailbag letter a teenager said that adults had created a pretty sick society for them to go into. The young ones of today are better off than young

Hiram Walker's Crystal Gin. The one made for good mixers.

When it comes to partying, or serving drinks, Canadians are good mixers.

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It must have just the right amount of flavour so that the gin taste isn't lost in the strong-flavoured good mixers.

It must have just the right amount of bouquet so it stands up noticeably in a tonic or sling.

And it must have just the right amount of dryness for a superb martini.

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You can trust them—implicitly
Never any odor, it just can't form
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Are doctors humble? / Our "sleazy" affair / Life in 2067 A.D.

people of any generation since history began. Fifteen or 20 years ago, psychiatrists said to parents: "Let your children have free expression. Spare the rod and you will not spoil the child." What is the result? A bad-mannered, disobedient, ungrateful generation with strange ideas about right and wrong. If the writings, music and paintings of the young today are not an indication of sickness I don't know what is. Generations of people have been trying to make us other than savages and now the young are trying to drag us back. The youngsters are so well versed in saying what they like that I am beginning to think that many parents are afraid of their children. They are afraid to tell them to cut their hair or make themselves tidy or be polite. I can well believe my generation is sick. I know I am — I am sick of hearing about the wonderful teenagers of today and the wicked adults, and most of all I am sick of hearing young people refer to my generation as a bunch of phonies! — A. J. CRAWFORD, MONTREAL

The GP: "he knows more"

Alan Edmonds writes about the role of the GP today (*Quick, Nurse, What's Your Doctor's First Name?*). In Russia, I understand, the general practitioner rates higher remuneration than the specialist "because he has to know so much more." This to my mind is common sense. — CECILIA I. HILL, PARKSVILLE, BC

* Edmonds charges that "sufficient humility" is "not a notable characteristic among doctors." But this is a contradiction of his earlier statement that "the new MD often feels inadequately equipped for general practice and takes postgraduate training." ... Humility in the face of fact is a quality fundamental to the personality of every MD. He just wouldn't survive medical school without it. — W. J. PAUL, ROCK ISLAND, QUE

* In Edmonds' article on nursing (*What Nurse Shortage? It's Nursing We Need*), he mentions an increasing pressure to have independent schools of nursing which offer two-year courses. Since the Weir report of 1930 the nursing profession has realized the need for nursing courses within general education. In 1964 a diploma course in nursing was initiated at the Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto — the first nursing school in Canada to function within the framework of general education. This experiment is sponsored by the Registered Nurses Association of Ontario, and has aroused nationwide interest. The first class of students graduated in May. As of September 1967 this course will cover a period of two years — another development to meet the needs of the community. — MRS. DORIS J. ROGERS, INSTRUCTOR, RYERSON NURSING COURSE, TORONTO

The Affair

If the three troubled characters in *The Affair* by Ian Adams will consult *Red-Headed Woman* by Katharine Brush they will find approximately the same situation and if they are still seeking a way out could ponder — the seminary especially — on the denouement. — MRS. H. M. PRYKE, DAWSON CREEK, BC

* The frustration and plain lack of goodness in the lives of the three depicted is beyond belief. There are men and women who have been caught up in desires like this and managed to turn them back. We are dead or terribly saintly if we've not experienced some form of temptation. The wrong doesn't lie in temptation; it is how we handle it that counts. — MRS. A. McCUTCHEON, VANCOUVER

* That even a tiny fraction of my honestly earned money should go to promote sleazy, neurotic, masochistic, totally selfish and self-indulgent individuals such as portrayed by Adams turns my blood white hot in anger. — MRS. AILEEN BIRELL, EDMONTON

* He was strong, handsome, gentle, faithful in love-making, romping gaily with his boisterous offspring and hardly aware of lapses from reciprocal faithfulness. I felt sure of him and became careless. So one night he slipped out to find her. She is beautiful, a silky expanse of pure white with jet black lying low on the forehead. They seemed made for each other. I am heartbroken and am moving out of town. I refuse to remain next door to rival kennels whose owners are offering pups at $300 each — pups sired by my dog without payment of fee. — MYRTLE NEWTON, LONDON, ONT

* There's nothing new or newsworthy in that grubby little story. This is nothing but Peeping Tom-ishness. Shame on you. — MRS. ANITA McWILLIAMS, HUDSON'S HOPE, BC

* Surely you are scraping the bottom of the barrel. — SARAH E. BELL, MOOSE JAW

Understanding through song

In *Some Records To Throw Away Next January* (Reviews), [illegible] comments most unflatteringly on the Centennial album of The Singing Girls, Chorale de l'Amitié of Sherbrooke, Que. — *Tiens Mon Pays*. The Singing Girls is an amateur group. We do not pretend to be anything else. We undertook a record including songs of many of the other groups in Canada to show the rest of Canada that there are a great many French-speaking citizens who wish to celebrate with joy our Centennial year. The Singing Girls are almost all French-speaking. Naturally, when they sing in English a slight accent is apparent. If an English choir sang in French, would not their English accent be equally in evidence? We believe in our unprofessional enthusiastic hearts that by singing each other's songs in each other's language we can promote the cause of better understanding in our country. — [illegible] BLANCHETTE, DIRECTRESS, THE SINGING GIRLS, LA CHORALE DE L'AMITIE, SHERBROOKE, QUE

Why a nightmare future?

Douglas Marshall's *Canada In 2067* appears like a modern version of Dante's Inferno. Just imagine living for 150 years in an apartment tower without privacy or freedom! Why must man always have nightmares when dreaming about the future? Were I allowed to picture the future, I would see a world in which man has not only tamed his environment but also himself. A world where man is able to control not only the death rate but also the birthrate. A world in which man is not ruled by frozen dogmas of religion and politics but rules himself with a chosen set of ethics. — HEINZ J. WEIGEL, FIELD, BC ★

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WE WOULD HAVE PUT IT IN AN
ORDINARY GIN BOTTLE.

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MACLEAN'S
REVIEWS

JULY 1967 VOLUME 80 NUMBER 7

The rapid $50 advance of Canadian publishing

DON'T SELL THE television set yet, but an exhilarating spirit of adventure seems to be sweeping through the previously calm, cautious, uncommitted world of Canadian publishing. The publishers are shedding many of their eccentric 19th-century attitudes and groping for a new image. One or two have already found it. And found, moreover, that it pays.

The result is that more Canadian books are being published than ever before, even discounting the Centennial splurge of nonbooks. "It's safe to say we've increased production of new titles by 35 percent in the last five years," says Dererk Lewis, editor of the publishing magazine *Quill and Quire*. "Exact figures are unavailable because the publishers have an almost pathological fear about revealing statistics. But in 1966 the houses turned out an estimated 1,800 purely Canadian first editions—about one quarter of them in French. Not a bad total for a country this size."

Lewis says, and most publishers agree, that it is now easier for a promising Canadian writer to get published than at any time in the past. "Nobody's writing for the great Canadian novel any more. It will either happen or it won't happen. Meanwhile the climate is very good, very exciting."

Things haven't been so exciting, in fact, since the early 1920s. Those pre-radio days were the golden age of Canadian publishing. A new book by Lucy Maud Montgomery or Stephen Leacock would have a first printing of 50,000 copies — five times what would be considered a best seller today.

Then came the Depression, the war and television. Publishers pulled in their horns and were content to graze in the safe, lucrative fields of textbooks and specialized subjects. Even now only about 200 of the 1,800 new titles published each year are trade books — "trade" being a wide-ranging term publishers use to describe fiction, biography, travel books, anything that isn't for PhD students and might conceivably interest the general public.

The turning point came in 1963 with the remarkable success of Peter C. Newman's *Renegade in Power*. Before then only a handful of established Canadian authors had been able to survive on the Canadian market. Inspired perhaps by a resurgence of interest in things Canadian, a new breed of writers began producing a series of high-quality books that were neither parochial nor self-conscious. They proved that Canadian trade books could compete on an equal basis with the American and British titles that dominate (98 percent) the Canadian market.

Not only did the books sell well at home, they awakened interest abroad. Today, thanks to the good international connections established by most publishers as an economic necessity, even a mildly promising first novel is virtually assured of later publication in London or New York or both. And one of the largest New York literary agents recently considered it worth his while to open up a Toronto branch to woo Canadian writing talent.

A good example of this new trend is *How to Make a Million* by Toronto's controversial ex-coroner Morton Shulman. Ten years ago such a book would probably have sold a couple of thousand copies in Toronto and died on the bookstalls everywhere else. But *Million* has already sold 32,000 copies in Canada alone (most of them before Shulman was fired) and it is likely to do three or four times that well in the U.S. Says McGraw-Hill's Marnie Collins, who edited the book: "Even I can't understand why Americans should be interested in how a little-known Canadian made a killing on the Toronto Stock Exchange. But they're buying it like mad down there."

Jack McClelland of McClelland and Stewart credits the writers with creating the boom. "More Canadian books are being published simply because better writers are producing better material," he says. "Five years ago we were scrambling for good manuscripts. We're not scrambling anymore and I don't think it's because we've changed our basic approach."

McClelland is too modest. He virtually engineered Canadian publishing's mad rush into the 20th century. His vigor, flair for publicity and willingness to take risks had his rivals first reaching shakily for double sherries and then striving to follow his example. McClelland is now the Canadian publisher and enjoys first refusal on most important manuscripts.

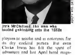
Just one of the new approaches McClelland has sponsored is a dramatic experiment in direct selling. Last year, in partnership with Pierre Berton and *Weekend* magazine, he produced the eight-volume Canadian Centennial Library series for some 75,000 mail-order subscribers. The experiment was so successful (a total of at least 600,000 copies sold) that another eight books in the series (renamed the Canadian Illustrated Library and minus the *Weekend* connection) will start appearing this summer and more may follow.

McClelland expects the direct-mail technique will also ensure the success of his projected Preview Book Society — a deal whereby a theoretically able list of subscribers gets an advance peek at the rough proofs of new books. Direct sales have opened up brave new publishing worlds in Canada and the only people unhappy about it are bookstore owners and other publishers.

But for all his drive and imagination, McClelland still shows traces of the old fashioned arrogance that for years made Canadian publishing more of a snobbish family compact than a true profession. Recently, for instance, an upstart rival publisher wrote suggesting that McClelland, who seemed to have every other major author tied up, might himself be interested in writing his biography. Jack was neither interested nor amused. Twice in the last two years McClelland has lost first rights to best-sellers because he insulted or quarreled with the authors.

And for a publisher who's obviously prospering, McClelland can still be incredibly tight with his money. All aspiring young writers should heed the experiences of one Toronto author who submitted his first novel to McClelland and Stewart. Back came the news that the writer could have an advance if he agreed to make major revisions. How much of an advance? "Oh, we might be able to make it $50," said the McClelland editor. "I don't suppose," said the author icily, "that you happen to have it on you."

That author eventually placed his novel elsewhere. One house he didn't bother trying was Clarke Irwin, an ultra-cautious and tightly controlled family concern that forbids its employees to smoke and is notorious for its dry cocktail parties. But even Clarke Irwin has felt the spirit of adventure and last April hired magazine journalist Jim Purdie to revamp its image. (Purdie, a two-pack-a-day man, spent most of the first month vainly trying to break the smoking taboo.) One new image development: the firm will soon issue a Canadian series of the famed Jackdaw history kits (reproductions of documents and relics) for students.



ASHLEY AND CRIPPEN

Jack McClelland: the man who hauled publishing into the 1960s

The other major trade book publishers in Canada are at various intermediate stages of image evolution. The most adventurous is Ryerson, which has recently revitalized its policy and expanded beyond its purely religious and educational origins. It's now the main haven for Canada's poets. Macmillan of Canada, under John Gray, remains conservatively British but has some of Canada's brightest up-and-coming talent on its editorial board. Doubleday, a U.S. offshoot, and Longmans Green, an Anglo-American hybrid, have both begun shelling out some of their distribution profits to Canadian authors as if they really meant it.

Publishers counter most of the criticism thrown at them with hard economic facts. Fiction, they say, is currently a drug on the market everywhere. "We're lucky if fiction breaks even as an investment in the writer or out of a sense of duty," says McClelland. Other trade books do better, but only sensational best-sellers can recover production costs on the Canadian market alone. Textbooks remain the meat and potatoes of publishing in Canada. The publishing boom exists, sure enough, but it's still on shaky ground. It is certainly not the sort of boom that should encourage anyone to start churning out epic romances or ransack the attic for long-discarded manuscripts.

"It's perfectly true that it is a lot easier for good books to get published than ever before," says McClelland, who receives nearly 2,000 unsolicited manuscripts a year and accepts about eight. "But we also know that it is a lot harder for bad books to get published than ever before."

DOUGLAS MARSHALL

Movies

The brilliant Canadian film you can't see

Allan King's Warrendale is a masterpiece and the CBC is wrong not to show it

WE MUST BE the only country in the world with both enough public spirit to sponsor a film on mental health and enough stupidity to refuse to show it on the grounds that it shows people behaving abnormally. The story goes like this.

Once upon a time there was a man named Allan King who started out making films for the CBC in Vancouver. They turned out pretty well, and so the CBC kept asking him to make more and more films. Twenty-five in 10 years.

Then one day about two years ago the CBC asked King to make another film, for Pat Watson. It was to be about children living at Warrendale, a centre for the emotionally disturbed near Toronto. *Warrendale* turned out to be the best documentary King had ever made and probably one of the best anyone ever made. It cost the CBC $55,000.

But the CBC has not shown *Warrendale* and probably never will until it becomes ancient history and turns up on the late late show. You see, before the movie was finished a lot of gunpowder went off under the bridge. Warrendale changed. The CBC changed. A lot of heads rolled.

It took the remaining heads five months to decide not to broadcast King's movie. The official reason: the children do not obey broadcasting regulations. During fits of anger they chant that nasty four-letter word because they know that this is the most offensive word they can use. They may not know what it means but they know they can use it to get themselves rejected. How easily it succeeds!

The CBC decided that broadcasting regulations don't permit it to broadcast four-letter words in any context. John Trevelyan of the British Board of Film Censors has taken the opposite stand. He wrote to King: "Some of the language would not, of course, be permitted in a normal feature film but in this context it seemed wholly acceptable."

The context is a film which exhibits exceptional integrity in the face of every temptation to exploit the subject's sensational "snake pit" aspects. Its career to date has been a series of precedents. In April the CBC praised it highly — and rejected it. In May it won two awards at the Cannes International Film Festival, the first Canadian feature to do so. In June it played a limited engagement at a Toronto art house with the CBC's permission. Whatever the motive, the CBC must be given credit for allowing at least a few outsiders to see just how good a film they refused.

The Ontario Board of Censors, for the first time I know of, granted permission only for the Toronto showing, not for the rest of the province. Toronto, contrary to the usual set-up, is serving as a test case for New York, where the distributors are puzzled as to how to classify it. Is it a documentary or a drama?

King would say it's neither. It's not the kind of documentary that presents a case or even, to be safe, both sides of a case. It is a film about human emotions, not about a treatment good or bad. But it's not a drama in the sense of being manipulated into a preconceived structure. *Warrendale* is something different: a real-life drama.

What interests King is the expression of human emotions. But to get real ones is a challenge to the limits of film-making — and can be risky too. It means finding a situation where people are behaving freely and then being able to film the situation without completely upsetting it. It requires enormous trust.

King was able to win that trust from both the staff and the children of House No 2 at Warrendale. He won it so completely that he has captured scenes of people who are truly afraid to show how they feel. Out of 80,000 feet of film shot in five weeks he has assembled a 100-minute film that does for family life what *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* did for marriage.

The difference is that King is able to create the same powerful effect without resorting to fantasy. The children of Warrendale lend themselves to a heightened view of life because they are already exaggerated. Their insecurities, their anger and bitterness over rejection, their fear of losing love and their alarm at the face of death are feelings common to all of us, but distorted in their case to the point where they cannot live within society.

What we see in *Warrendale* is one big unhappy family. There are 12 children, six staff members (substitute parents) and two service staff. What these children have in common is not a blood relationship but the need to overcome personal problems. This bond united them in a sympathy which is touchingly evident. The moment anyone gets out of control, others come over to help as best they can.

Warrendale takes you from that moment just before dawn that is like the beginning of time, through the usual day's routine with its regular share of crises, to a point of climax when the house cook dies. This unexpected death unleashed a frenzy in the house. These are children who may have suffered the loss of love several times as they were moved from one foster home to another, and they clearly fear they will lose again what little love they have found. One girl keeps repeating, "I don't want nobody." Another yells, "I want to die." And another, "Why, why, why to God did Dorothy have to die?"

The violence of the scene is unquestionably disturbing but it leads us, as in tragedy, through terror and pity to a kind of release. To identify with the children in Warrendale is to identify with reality and this can lead us, like the best art, to deeper self-knowledge. As one of the children remarks, "Those deeper things hurt too much."

But on television people would not be forced to watch, only offered the chance. "What people get from it," says King, "has a lot to do with their own openness." I agree and for this reason I think the CBC was unduly alarmed.

King's view is that in our society "where emotions are so restrained most people find the expression of anger alarming." He is speaking for himself too, as one of the children was quick to notice the first time she saw him filming a scene of someone venting anger while being held. "She'll be much better for it," the girl reassured him.

I suspect that another reason *Warrendale* offends some people is that we are not ready to admit how many children in our society are suffering from emotional disturbance. We are beginning to admit openly that some couples are better parted but we still cherish the myth of happy innocent childhood, as much for our own comfort as in hope for our children.

But whatever the reasons, it will be a great shame if *Warrendale* does not find the widest audience possible. It is a fascinating, engrossing experience and a landmark in film making.

WENDY MICHENER

King's camera doesn't take sides over such controversial Warrendale treatment methods as feeding battles. It merely captures a real-life drama

Television

Flash! The poor are Out, Youth is In

These days just to be under 25 is enough to be an instant TV personality

ONE THING you have to remember about the mass media is that In subjects come and go quickly, even when the "facts" they purport to describe remain the same.

For instance, *The Things I Cannot Change* was a remarkable film documentary about a poor family in Montreal, but the CBC and the National Film Board just snuck under the wire for In subjects on this one. In the mass media, poor families are now Out; this year Youth is the In subject, and to qualify for large-scale exposure, poor people must be young too, like the Chicago Negro boy, oldest of 10 children, who appeared on Douglas Leiterman's CBS documentary, *The Old College Try*.

The winter brought us a number of poverty programs (symptoms, perhaps, of cultural lag at the CBC). Of these, the most moving were *Cathy Come Home*, a fictional documentary from Britain about a homeless family, and *The Fifth Floor People*, a *Festival* play, also set in Britain, about what happens to people who can't cope with the demands of earning a living.

But spring brought harbingers of the new theme. Judy LaMarsh has complained that the fact that half the population is under 25 is hard to get across to the old people who run Canada. Television, however, has got the message. Twiggy, the leggy 17-year-old English model, appeared not only in every major U S magazine and on CBC's *Sunday* but had at least two whole television specials devoted just to her. (Apparently she symbolizes — uh — youth and innocence.)

Everdale Place, a new Canadian school run along the lines of Britain's far-out progressive Summerhill, got a CBC half-hour of its own, and I had the impression that it kept turning up on other shows. Indeed the place seems to be in some danger of having so many television crews around that the kids never get time to read a book.

Hardly a public-affairs show went by without someone asking a group of teenagers what they thought about the state of the world. (They think adults have made a mess of it and they can do better.) In the fall, Pierre Berton will have a special weekly series, *Under Attack*, "which gives college students an opportunity to haggle with outspoken personalities on various issues."

On *The Restless Years*, a rather heavy-handed CBC documentary about Canadian teenagers in various walks of life, Gordon Pinsent remarked that they are not only spoiled and indulged but also imitated, encouraged and manipulated.

The young, if they are being manipulated, don't seem to mind and are always glad to give their views on television. Their views, in my opinion, are often shockingly conservative: they keep saying that you have to go to school and university to get a good job and that a technological society calls for highly trained people. York University students, appearing on *Take Thirty*, seemed genuinely baffled when Paul Goodman, the American anarchist, asked them why you had to be completely processed by the age of 22. At the other extreme, Psychedelic Youth keep telling why they want to opt out, man.

I confess to a certain ambivalence on the whole subject, since I belong to the Outnumbered Generation (those born during the Great Depression). It was quite a shock to read that Barney Frayne and Paul Saltzman (sons of well known mass media men) were going to put Patrick Watson on the spot for his views on youth on a show called *Through the Eyes of Tomorrow*. I always thought Pat Watson was Youth.

JOCELYN DINGMAN

Books

When a book is bad today, it's horrid

But fortunately there's always a Graham Greene to make up for the Gore Vidals

ONE PROBLEM that poses itself for a book reviewer of the 1960s (as you may know I'm newly arrived in the trade) is that so many books themselves — particularly novels — now seem increasingly to be old fashioned. This is the age of the environment. Art has to happen. Books don't. They just lie there. The reader has to work to involve himself in them. This makes books, as art, either a warm or a cool medium — I'm not sure which — but in either case they're not very much a part of what's going on now. The young people who even 10 years ago would have been talking about writing the great Canadian novel are today talking about making the great (and probably subsidized) Canadian film. And why not? Look what people talk about — the people who matter to most young creative writers: not the newest Mailer or the latest John Barth but the newest Antonioni or the latest Joseph Losey. Or to take it on purely Canadian terms: who do you think is generally regarded as the more interesting young talent: David Lewis Stein, who has just published a passingly good first novel (*Scratch One Dreamer*), or David Secter, whose recent feature film (*The Offering*) was embarrassingly bad? I'd say Secter is so regarded. And I'd say that for those of us who care about the future of written fiction as a creative form that is a pretty depressing thought.

Unfortunately, what makes it even more depressing is the quality of so many of the novels that make it to the best-seller lists, that succeed, if not in artistic terms, then at least in terms that allow their authors to continue writing from a financially comfortable base. Take *Washington, D C*, by Gore Vidal (Little Brown $8.50). *Washington* is one of the big popular novels of the season, perhaps *the* big novel in that it gets discussed on television shows, put on coffee tables and is creeping up on the best-seller lists. while I don't think any young writer of genuine talent would want to emulate it, I think he'd at least have to be aware of it. And what is it? Nothing. A long flat dull narrative of U S politics with a little less plot subtlety than *Search For Tomorrow* and a little less literary grace than your average Arthur Hailey.

I won't go into the plot here. For one thing, there's the possibility you might want to read it (it's certainly no concern of mine if that's the way you choose to spend your time) and heaven knows what there'd be left over if I gave away the plot. Further, even boiled down to a capsule, the plot isn't very interesting. It all takes place between 1937 and 1954 and, without saying anything incisive about any of them, it touches on everything from the New Deal to World War II to McCarthyism. Its characters include an influential publisher and his two children, one an alcoholic, the other a rebel who gets involved with little magazines, a self-righteous old politician who once took a bribe and an ambitious young one who may or may not be modelled along the lines of John F Kennedy — for myself, I couldn't get involved enough to care. The writing is so pedestrian that even the sex loses its appeal: the most erotic scene in the book is homosexual. In all there isn't a line in it that in any way gives it anything to do with anything. If this is writing of the 1960s, then books *are* old-fashioned, and who needs them?

WELL, IT ISN'T, and they aren't and we all do. For every Gore Vidal popping up on NBC's *Today* show in the morning, plugging his book while decent people are still asleep, and popping up again 17 hours later on *Tonight* to plug his book while decent people have gone back to bed, there is a Graham Greene somewhere, just writing good stories. Not just a Graham Greene, either, but the Graham Greene. Greene's latest book, his 28th, is a collection of short stories called *May We Borrow Your Husband* (Queenswood House $4.75). Like the rest of his life work the stories are neither hip, trendy, psychedelic — nor any of the words that have come and will go; they are just plain good writing — sure, calm and wise. Some of them are mere sketches — of a pampered dog, for instance, out on a wicked midnight prowl. Others have enough plot and depth to support a less controlled writer through an entire novel. My own favorite is the title story, in which two homosexuals slowly woo away a handsome young man on his honeymoon. It is the evil of seduction caught in amber, and yet it is sympathetic even to the most unlikable characters in it, the homosexuals. Greene has subtitled his collection "Comedies of the Sexual Life," and sex in one form or another enters into each story. But sex is only part of them, as it is only part of life, and the stories are life revealed, as old-fashioned as morning. The medium is the message? Bah. The *talent* is the message — in books as in everything else.

PETER GZOWSKI

As Graham Greene proves talent is the real massage

The Contest

CONTEST NO 17

Because of last-minute confusion, daily newspapers frequently hit the streets carrying headlines that are ambiguous, unintentionally funny or inane. **Brides Prefer Ninth Month** said one newspaper over a story about September weddings. Other recent examples: **Canada has Epidemic of Deaths, Doctors Say**, **Unity Crusades Causing Splits**, **Money No Bar to Happiness Study of Rich Boys Finds**, and **Population Explosion Worries Pope**. Readers are asked to provide, along with source and date, their favorite examples of such real headlines. Entries must reach The Yellow Pages Contest, *Maclean's Magazine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, before Aug 4.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO 15

Somewhat nervously we asked readers to attempt double-dactyls, the complicated new light-verse form that is sweeping academic circles. We needn't have worried. There were more than 1,500 entries, the vast majority of them metrically perfect. Dizzy with reading all those dum-dee-dee, dum-dee-dee lines, we gave up trying to choose an overall winner and decided to award $10 to each of the entries printed below.

Higgledy piggledy
Hudson's Bay Company
Maker of blanketing
Seller of booze

Keeps you warm outside and
Dipsomaniacally
Warms you internally
Too if you choose

FRAEME RADDELL TORONTO

Higgledy piggledy
Harrison Salisbury
Filed a dispatch on
American crimes

Meanwhile in Washington
Counterintelligence
Desperately tried to
Keep up with the *Times*

JANICE PATTON TORONTO

Higgledy piggledy
Mohammed Cassius
Fights with the Draft Board for
One more delay

Do you suppose that he's
Anti-American?
No, much more likely he
Has feet of Clay

MISS SUSAN BINNALL
POINTE CLAIRE P Q

Higgledy piggledy
Dear Mister Editor
Since you have started this
Here is my plea

Words will no longer come
Non schizophrenically
(Dum-dee-dee dum dee dee)
Please set me free

MRS HAZEL GARSIDE
WEST VANCOUVER

Jiggery Pokery
J R R Tolkien
Wrote about Hobbits and
Old Middle Earth

Synthesized myths that are
Teratological
Founded a cult of
Considerable worth

A W MAXWELL BRAMPTON ONT

Flibberty gibberty
Marshall McLuhan's
Gutenberg Galaxy
Darkens the night

Burying messages
Under the media
Abecedarian's
Source of delight!

E F MILLER NORTH VANCOUVER

CHECKLISTINGS

A critical glance at the things Canadians will watch, read, listen to and talk about this month

TELEVISION

✔ **Our World** heralds the birth of instantaneous world wide communications and is an epochal event in the history of television Controlled from BBC headquarters in London the 2½-hour program will be beamed live from 19 countries via four satellites. to an estimated audience of 700 million people in 30 countries. At one point cameras will focus on five newly born babies — in Mexico, Poland, Russia Japan and Edmonton, Alta As Al Jolson might have said "Folks you ain t seen nothin' yet (CBC Sun June 25, 3 pm EDT)

✔ **The Other Eye** is the beginning of a new summer series featuring conversation satire and music. Among the regulars Rod Coneybeare Larry Zolf and Jean Templeton (CBC Sun July 2 10 pm EDT)

✔ **Wojeck:** *The Last Man in the World* is the first of a series of repeats of last fall s brilliant dramas Well worth viewing for anybody who missed the CBC drama department s finest hours (CBC Tues July 4 9 30 pm EDT)

✔ **CTV National News Test** is a new weekly series of audience participation shows Questions about topical issues will be presented to viewers who can then compare their answers with the results of a national survey asking the same questions. (CTV, Sun July 9 10 pm EDT)

✔ **More Stories from Inside Quebec** is the first of six programs that will deal with aspects of life inside Quebec today It is produced by the same team that mounted an excellent series on a similar theme last summer (CBC, Tues. July 11 10 30 pm EDT)

BOOKS

✔ **The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell** (McClelland and Stewart $7 95) tells of the bitter-sweet growth to manhood of one of the most brilliant and contradictory figures of our time At 16 Russell knew nothing about sex and everything about metaphysics The mention of a woman's breasts caused me such an intolerable intensity of feeling that I appeared to be shocked " But at the same time he was filling his diary with questions like What do we mean in the first place by free will?" Cambridge marriage and a mistress straightened him out on both subjects A fascinating account by one of the brightest stars of a glittering age

Bertrand Russell at 21 more familiar with metaphysics than sex.

✔ **Mirror on the Floor,** by George Bowering (McClelland and Stewart $2 50) Boy meets girl he s an intellectual University of B C undergraduate she s a hung-up 1957 blackstocking beatnik Her incestuous daddy commits suicide and she kills her mother Not nearly so squalid as it sounds for Bowering — one of the country s better young poets — has a rare feel for describing what it s like to be young, and he s captured the sweet rainy smell of Vancouver better than anyone since Earle Birney

RECORDS

✔ **Verdi's Falstaff:** Leonard Bernstein's long-touted first opera recording for Columbia surpasses all expectations and should do much to help him attain the highest power at the new Metropolitan Opera, according to rumors about his next ambition Top honors go to the luxurious playing of the Vienna Philharmonic Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's Fatpaunch is broadly drawn in the opulent vocal colors of a ripe push-wind Excellent singing comes from Ilva Ligabue as Mistress Ford Regina Resnick as Mistress Quickly and Juan Oncina as Fenton (M3S 750)

✔ **Beniamino Gigli** Angel records have added two treasures to their Great Recordings of the Century series separate volumes of the great lyric tenor at the peak of ripeness Gigli luxuriates in a wide range of musical delicacies In the first volume (COLH 143) the high pianissimo note is played triumphantly The second (COLH 144) features equally amazing versatility in the dark melodrama of Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Giordano

✔ **The Couriers Sing Hallelujah** From modest beginnings on Canadian television to present success with RCA Victor, this group has every reason to shout Hallelujah! Keen voices and sparkling instrumental accompaniment present a wide selection of songs from a waltz-tempo *Taste Of Honey* to a fragile French Canadian item — a frankly fractured bilingual version of *Un Canadien Errant* that seems curiously un-Canadian with its translated refrain of my most unhappy land." (PC 1048)

✔ **Musicians Of Canada:** One of the most exotic of RCA Victor s 17-record Centennial project is the fifth Volume of Music and Musicians of Canada It includes *Anerca*, an atonal setting of Eskimo poems composed by Serge Garant of Quebec Soprano Mary Morrison also sings Torontonian Harry Somers' tender *Miniatures* based on Japanese haiku poetry Vying in exoticism is Bruce Mather's brilliant and dangerous *Orphée* for soprano and percussion (CC1011)

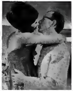
PEOPLE

✔ When **Simonie E7-551** stood up last November to make his maiden speech as the first Eskimo ever elected to the 13-man governing council of the Northwest Territories, he didn't deal in flowery generalities Noting that the council had recently passed a motion outlawing any form of discrimination, he complained that Eskimos weren't allowed to drink in the Arctic Circle Club lounge a private bar in Resolute Bay The council saw the point Eskimos were admitted to the lounge within a week Simonie 33 spent his youth trapping and living in tents and snowhouses, was one of two Eskimos selected to attend Queen Elizabeth s Coronation in 1953 Today he runs a janitorial firm in Frobisher Bay and is active in a co-op movement that s built 15 houses there Officials connected with the territorial commission regard Simonie s election as an important advance in Eskimo self-government Simonie puts it more simply His job, he says, is simply "telling white people about the Eskimo"

Simonie E7 551 breaking down old barriers in Resolute Bay

MOVIES

✔ **Casino Royale** A satire of a satyr or the What s New Pussycat? of Bondmania Five directors four writers Peter Sellers and Woody Allen have created a funny peculiar frenzied fantasy that inspires only lunatic laughter Could this be the world's first amphetamine movie?



Woody Allen, the arch and over-sexed villain of Casino Royale.

✔ **8 On The Lam** Never thought I'd see the day when Bob Hope would play straightman for Phyllis Diller, Jonathan Winters and seven kids He s a bank clerk who runs away to escape a stealing charge — on the money he s accused of stealing Mild fun for families.

✔ **Hotel.** Arthur Hailey's never-was novel turned into a has been picture Everything about it is old hat Just as in Hollywood s heyday strong men or true (Rod Taylor and Kevin McCarthy) compete for a gorgeous doll (Catherine Spaak) in thick plot set in lavish background But the heyday is gone and so is the heart. Not even really bad just tedious

✔ **Thoroughly Modern Millie** Thoroughly 1960 s musical comedy with costumes revamped from the twenties and dances restamped from the forties (remember *Cover Girl* and *Good News?*) Main trouble is Julie Andrews plays Millie and she's no comedian so Carol Channing steals what s left of the show Recommended for girls from 10 to sweet 16

✔ **A King's Story** Made by Jack Le Vien with the "personal co-operation of HRH the Duke of Windsor and the Duchess of Windsor" Their supervision too, I'll wager The full story hasn t yet been told and isn t told here, but it s worth it for the Duke s home movies alone Le Vien also suggests what it means to be or not to be a regular, right-down, royal king.

PLACES

✔ The most exotic conversational locales in Vancouver are the three pagoda shaped phone booths that the BC Telephone Company recently installed in Vancouver s Chinatown Chinatown residents helped design the booths, and according to an inscrutable BC Telephone PR man, their green roofs symbolize long life the gold trim stands for good fortune and the red walls symbolize happiness. The Chinese characters over the door translate as "electric voice room"

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